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I.

NOTES FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.

Tired of carting around the world a mass of manuscript once called a journal, but now worn almost to a circle, and yet not willing to leave it for strangers to trouble over, I have copied out these extracts and burned the rest of it. Whether or not I should have cremated the whole crude heap is a question I am quite prepared to hear decided in the affirmative by the reader. Yet to have destroyed it entirely would have been like forgetting one's first love. Besides that, these bits of the journal, you see, pave the way to words of others worth hearing. And so it is I have kept these few extracts, taking care, as you must credit me, to leave out all names or allusions that might cause pain or displeasure to even the most sensitive. Yet I half suspect that I have, with them, left out much of the heart and life of the thing.—J. M.

I live the days of long ago,
Because —because I loved them so;
And loved them so because that she
Was of them so entirely.

I lift these lines, a monument
Above those dear, dead buried days,
When love led on which way we went,
When flowers bloomed in all our ways.

Her face, her earnest, baby face;
Her young face, so uncommon wise—
The tender love-light in her eyes—
Two stars of heaven out of place.

Two stars that sang as stars of old
Their silent eloquence of song,
From skies of glory and of gold,
Where God in purple passed along.

That silent, pleading face; among
Ten thousand faces just the one
I still shall love when all is done,
And life lies by, a harp unstrung.

That face, like shining sheaves among;
That face half hid, 'mid sheaves of gold;
That face that never can grow old;
And yet has never been quite young.

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I.

NOTES FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.

IN NEW YORK.

Reached New York to-day, August 17th, 1870, after seven days' and seven nights' incessant ride from San Francisco, and fourteen from Eugene City, Oregon. Pandora's box! New York at last! Now I shall write home and tell them I am on this side the Rocky Mountains. At Eugene I wrote a letter and left it behind me, telling my parents I was going to "Frisco." Once safely there I wrote them I was going East. And now I shall give them the first hint of going to Europe. Taken in pieces, it will not be so hard for them. And oh! but this is a tough town! And the time I had in landing on this island! I have fought many battles with Indians, I have seen rough men in the mines, but such ruffians as assailed me on landing from the Jersey ferry I have never encountered before. Two of these literally hauled me into a coach. I cried out: they shouted to the crowd and police that I was drunk; and another "tough," who said he was my friend, helped them hustle me in, and held the door till they dashed away. By and by they stopped, and one got down, and holding the door meekly asked me to tell him again what hotel I said I wanted to go to! At the door of the

hotel—the Astor House—the only name I could think of or was familiar with, they demanded five dollars. I paid it. But what makes me mad—mad at myself as well as them—they gave me a Confederate five-dollar bill in change! How could they know I came from a land where they use only gold, and we can't tell one kind of green, greasy paper from another? Ah, I see: this Confederate is white—or was white. Well, I am going to cut off my hair the first thing, and get me a new hat.

August 18. Shaved and shorn! Now, let them come after me! . . . Great event to-day. My brave, good brother, who heard the roar of war away out yonder by the sounding Oregon, and came on here to see it through, is with me. He is dark-haired and very handsome. He dresses and looks just like these other fellows, though, and, like Chinamen, one can hardly tell them apart. But, dear, brave boy, he is not like these other fellows a bit. And how he and I once quarrelled over this war business! True, I can remember, when we were both little lads and father talked to us about the slaves, how we planned together to steal the poor negroes and help them away to the North. But when the war came, and the armies went down desolating the South, then, with that fatality that has always followed me for getting on the wrong side, siding with the weak, I forgot my pity for the one in my larger pity for the other. And so my brother John shouldered his gun, we shook hands, and I never saw him any more till to-day. His name is on the rolls of New Jersey, a lieutenant only. We do not mention the war. His side won. But, as with many another noble fellow, it has cost him his life I fear. I can see death on his pale, gentle face. His deep blue eyes have lost their glory. What will mother say?

GOING.

August 19. I shall get out of this town at once. . . . At Central Park to-day I wanted to rest under a tree, a cool, clean tree, that reached its eager arms up to God, asking, praying for rain, and a policeman, club in hand, caught hold of me and shook me, and told me to keep off the grass. "Keep off the grass!" There was no grass there. New York, if you will come to Oregon you may sit untroubled under the trees, roll in grass that is grass, and rest forever. . . . I must put my pants inside my boots. Then I am sure they won't know me, and get after me everywhere I go. . . . If I was living in this town I would make those policemen give up their clubs. Are the people here a lot of dogs, that these fellows have to use clubs? Take away their clubs, and give them pistols and swords. If a man must be killed, let him be killed like a gentleman, not like a dog. I am going to get out of this town quick. I do not fit in here. . . . Bought my ticket, $65, second class, ship Europa, Anchor Line, to land at Glasgow; and off to-morrow. . . . Have tried so hard to get to see Horace Greeley. But he won't see me. Maybe he is not here. But I think he is. . . . Went over and tried to see Beecher; found a door by the pulpit open, and went in. The carpenters were fixing up the church, but they looked so hard at me that I did not ask for Mr. Beecher. I went up on the platform and sat down and peeled an apple, and put the peelings on the little stand. Then I heard a man cough away back in the dark, and he came and climbed up the little ladder, and took those peelings in his thumb and finger—long, lean, bony fingers, like tongs—and backing down the ladder he went to the door and threw them away with all his might. Then he

coughed again, but all the time did not let on to see me. I felt awful, and got down and left soon. However, I got some leaves from a tree by the door to send to mother. . . . Two handsome, well-dressed gentlemen spoke to me to-day, the only people who have spoken to me since I have been here—except to bully me; said they knew me in Texas, but could not recall my name.

IN AYR, SCOTLAND.

September 4, 1870. What a voyage! Cold? Cold seas and cold seamen. I don't think I spoke a dozen words in the whole desolate fourteen days. A lot of Germans going home to fight filled the ship; a hard, rough lot, and they ate like hogs. . . . Saw an iceberg as big as Mount Hood in the middle of the ocean. . . . And why may there not be people on these broken bits of the great sealed-up North? Fancy Sir John Franklin's ship frozen fast and all in trim, he there stiff and silent, glass in hand, his frozen men all about him at their posts—fancy all this drifting away to the friendly warm waves of the South, on one of these great islands of ice. . . . Saw Ireland on the north; green as the green sea; dotted with cottages, crossed by stone fences like a checker-board. It is a checker-board: the white cottages are the chessmen. What games shall be played? Who play them? And who win? . . .

September 10. God bless these hale and honest Scotch down here at peaceful Ayr! Did not stop an hour in Glasgow. It looked too much like New York. But here I have come upon the edge of Godland; mountains and rivulets and cold, clear skies. It looks like Oregon. Only I miss the trees so much. A land that is barren of trees is old and ugly, like a bald-headed man, and

ought to get ready to die. . . . I have made lots of friends. One man showed me more than one hundred books, all by Ayrshire poets, and some of them splendid! I have not dared tell any one yet that I too hope to publish a book of verse. . . .

I go every day from here to the "Auld Brig" over the Doon, Highland Mary's grave, and "Alloway's auld haunted kirk!" . . . Poetry is in the air here. I am now working like a beaver, and shall give up my journal. If my mind is not strong enough to hold what I see, or if my thoughts and notions are not big and solid enough to stick together and stay with me, let them go. . . . Heigho! what a thing is the mind: a sieve, that catches all the ugly things, stray and wreck and castaway, all that is hard and hideous. But lo! our sieves will not hold the sweet pure water. . . .

September 12. Am going from here to Byron's tomb in Nottingham very soon now. I have a wreath of laurel, sent by a lady from San Francisco, for the great poet's grave, and I go to place it there. Shall take in Scott's home and tomb. . . . Good-by, Burns, brother. I know you, love you. Our souls have wandered together many a night this sweet autumn-time by the tranquil banks of the Doon. . . .

September 16. They say Carlyle lives near here, on a farm. I like Carlyle—that is, the parts of him which I don't understand. And that is saying that I like nearly all of Carlyle, I reckon.

September 18. In the sunset to-day, as I walked out for the last time toward the tomb of Highland Mary, I met a whole line of splendid Scotch lassies with sheaves of wheat on their heads and sickles on their arms. Their feet were bare, their legs were bare to the knees. Their great strong arms were shapely as you can con-

ceive ; they were tall, and their lifted faces were radiant with health and happiness. I stepped aside in the narrow road to enjoy the scene and let them pass. They were going down the sloping road toward some thatched cottages by the sea ; I toward the mountains. How beautiful ! I uncovered my head as I stepped respectfully aside. But giving the road to women here seems unusual, and one beautiful girl, with hair like the golden sheaves she carried, came up to me, talked and laughed and bantered in words that I could not understand, much as I wanted to. . . . And then the beautiful picture moved on. O Burns, Burns, come back to the banks of bonny Doon ! It is worth while.

How beautiful she was ! Why, she
Was inspiration. She was born
To walk God's summer-hills at morn,
Nor waste her by the cold North Sea.
What wonder, that her soul's white wings
Beat at the bars, like living things ?

I know she sighed, and wandered through
The fields alone, and ofttime drew
Her hand above her head, and swept
The lonesome sea, and ever kept
Her face to sea, as if she knew
Some day, some near or distant day,
Her destiny should come that way.

IN THE RUINS OF MELROSE ABBEY.

The Royal Inn, September 20. Waded the Tweed yesterday, and looked over Sir Walter Scott's " poem in stones," as he called it. So beautiful, and so sad. Empty as a dead man's palm is this place now. Wet and cold, I walked on to Melrose Abbey, three miles distant. Was let in through a great gate by a drunken old woman. The sun was going down ; the place of buried

kings seemed holy—too holy at least to have a drunken and garrulous and very ugly woman at my elbow. I gave the old creature a half-crown and told her to leave me. She did so, and I rested on the tombs; still warm they were with sunshine gone away. Then a sudden fog drew in up the Tweed past Dryburg, where the great wizard is buried, and I began to grow chill. I got up and groped about in the fog among the tombstones and fallen arches. But in a very little time I found the fog so dense that together with the night it made total darkness. I hurried to the great gate. It was closed. The wretched old woman had got still more drunk on my half-crown, and I was there for the night. And what a night I passed! It would have killed almost any other man. As it is, my leg is so stiff I can hardly hobble down-stairs.

AT LORD BYRON'S TOMB.

O master, here I bow before a shrine;
Before the lordliest dust that ever yet
Moved animate in human form divine.
Lo! dust indeed to dust. The mould is set
Above thee, and the ancient walls are wet,
And drip all day in dark and silent gloom;
As if the cold gray stones could not forget
Thy great estate shrunk to this sombre room,
But learn to weep perpetual tears above thy tomb.

September 25. Something glorious! The old man, John Brown by name, took the wreath for Byron's tomb—and a sovereign—and hung it above the tablet, placed on the damp and dingy wall by his sister. Well then, the little old people who preside over the little old church did not like it—you see my bargain with the old man is that he is to have a sovereign a year to keep the wreath there as long as he lives (or I have sov-

ereigns)—and he faithfully refused to take down the wreath, but nailed it to the wall. Then the little-souled people appealed to the Bishop. And what has the Bishop done? What has the Bishop said? Not a word. But he has sent another wreath to be nailed alongside of my wreath from California!

O my poet! Worshipped where the world is glorious with the fire and the blood of youth! Yet here in your own home—ah well! The old eternal truth of Christ . . . but why say the truth of Christ? Better say the words of Christ; and that means eternal truth. . . . I have not told any one here that I write verses. . . . Byron sang in the voice of a god: and see what they say of him. But they may receive me. "No prophet is without honor, *save in his own land*," is the language of the text I believe.

September 28. Have written lots of stuff here. I have been happy here. I have worked, and not thought of the past. But to-morrow I am going to go down to Hull, cross the Channel, and see the French and Germans fight. For I have stopped work and begun to look back. . . . I see the snow-peaks of Oregon all the time when I stop work—the great white clouds, like hammocks swinging to and fro, to and fro, as if cradling the gods: maybe they are rocking and resting the souls of great men bound heavenward. . . . And then the valley at the bottom of the peaks; the people there; the ashes on the hearth; the fire gone out. . . there is no one there to rekindle it. . . . Stop looking back, I say. Get back to the Bible truths: the story of Lot and his lost. . . . Never look back. A man, if he be a real man, has his future before him and not behind him. The old story of Orpheus in hell has its awful lesson. I, then, shall go forward and never look back any more.

Hell, I know, is behind me. There cannot be worse than hell before me. . . . Yet for all this philosophy and this setting the face forward, the heart turns back :

How proud she was ! How purely fair !
How full of faith, of love and strength !
Her vast, deep eyes ! Her great hair's length—
Her long, strong, tumbled, careless hair,
Half curled and knotted anywhere,
From brow to breast, from cheek to chin,
For love to trip and tangle in.

This woman was Madonna to
The tawny, brawny, lonely few
Who touched her hand and knew her soul.
She drew them—drew them as the pole
Points all things to itself. She drew
Men upward as a moon of spring,
High wheeling, vast and bosomful,
Half clad in clouds and white as wool,
Draws all the full seas following.

IN A CHRISTIAN'S WAR.

I love my own land, where the rabbits dance measures
At night by the moon in the sharp chaparral ;
Where the squirrels build homes in the earth, and hoard treasures ;
Where the wolves fight in armies, fight faithful and well ;
Fight almost like Christians ; fight on and find pleasures
In strife, like to man, turning earth into hell.

Calais, France, October 30, 1870. Been to the war ! Brutes ! Shuttlecocked between the two armies, and arrested every time I turned around. I am sure the Germans would have shot me if I could have spoken a word of French. I am doubly certain the French would have sabred me if I had been able to speak one word of German. As I knew neither tongue, nothing about any language except Modoc—although I am trying to pick up the English—they contented themselves by tumbling all

my manuscript—which they could not read—and sending me out of the country. And such heartlessness to each other! By the road one day I found a wounded soldier. He had got out into the hedge: hundreds passed—soldiers, citizens, all sorts. He was calling to all, any one. I got out of the mass of fugitives and tried to help him. Then, when it was seen that some one was at his side, others came up, and he was cared for, I reckon. . . . Everybody running away! I running faster than ever cripple ran before. This would not sound well in Oregon. I must put it in better form: I will merely say I came on in haste. . . . I am no great talker, but do like to be in a land where I can talk if I want to. . . . I found a wounded horse on a battlefield one day trying to get on his feet. I helped him. He was bleeding to death, and soon sank down again. But I tell you he looked at me like a human being. Poor horses! I am more sorry for them than the men.

IN LONDON.

London, November 2, 1870. Am at last in the central city of this earth. I was afraid to come here, and so it was I almost went quite around this boundless spread of houses before I entered it: saw all these islands and nearly all the continent first. But I feel at home almost, even now, and have only been here three days. Tired though, so tired! And then my leg bothers me badly. There is a bit of lead in there about as big as the end of my thumb. But ever since that night in Melrose Abbey it has felt as big as a cannon-ball. And then I have been rather active of late. Active! The Oregonians ought to have seen me running away from the French, the Germans—both at once. But you see they took my pis-

tols away from me before I had a chance to protest or even suspected what they were going to do. Ah well! I am safe out of it all now, and shall, since I am too crippled to get about, sit still and write in this town. When I came in on the rail from Dover, I left my bag at the station; paid two pence—great big coppers, big as five of America's—and took a ticket for it, and so set out to walk about the city. And how delightfully different from New York!

Now, I want to note something strange. I walked straight to Westminster Abbey—straight as the crooked streets would let me; and I did not ask any one on the way, nor did I have the remotest idea where it was. As for a guide-book, I never had one in my life. But my heart was in that Abbey, going out to the great spirits, the immortal dust gathered there, and I walked straight to where my heart was. . . . And this encourages me very much. . . . As if by some possible turn of fortune or favor of the gods I—I may really get there, or at least set out upon the road that these silent giants have journeyed on. . . .

> The Abbey broods beside the turbid Thames;
> Her mother heart is fill'd with memories;
> Her every niche is stored with storied names;
> They move before me like a mist of seas.

SETTLED DOWN IN LONDON.

After keeping on my feet till hardly able to stand, I left the Abbey and walked up Whitehall, up Regent Street, down Oxford Street toward St. Paul's. Then I broke down, and wanted to find a place to stop. But I must have looked too tired and wretched as I dragged myself along. I told a woman finally, who had rooms to let, that I was ill and must stop. She shut the door

in my face, after forcing me out of the hall. New cities, cities new to me, of course, have new ways. If one does not know their ways one frightens the honest folk, and can't get on with them at all.

A public-house here is not a tavern or an inn. I tried to get to stop at two or three of these reeking gin-mills. They stared at me, but went on jerking beer behind the counter, and did not answer. At one place I asked for water. All stopped and looked at me—women with great mugs of beer half way to their brutal big red mouths; a woman with a baby in one arm, wrapped tightly in a shawl along with herself, and a jug of beer in the other, came up and put her face in mine curiously; then the men all roared. And then one good-natured Briton paid for a pewter mug full of beer for me. But as I had never tasted beer, and could not bear the smell of it, I was obliged to refuse it. I was too tired to explain, and so backed out into the street again and hobbled on. I did not get the water. I now learn that one must not ask for water here. No one drinks water here. No public-house keeps it. Well, to one from Oregon, the land of pure water, where God pours it down from the snowy clouds out of the hollow of His hand—the high-born, beautiful, great white rain, this seems strange. . . .

All drinking-shops here—or rather "doggeries," as we call them in Oregon—are called "publics." And a man who keeps one of these places is called a publican. Now I see the sense and meaning of the Bible phrase, "publicans and sinners."

When I reached Aldersgate Street that first day, I saw the name "Little Britain" to my left, and knowing that Washington Irving had dwelt there, I turned aside to follow where he had been, in the leaves of the

Sketch Book. But I could go but a little way. Seeing the sign of the Young Men's Christian Association close at hand, I climbed up the long crooked stairs, and soon was made quite at home and well refreshed by a cup of coffee and a roll at three half-pence ; also a great deal of civility and first-class kindness for nothing at all. I had bed and breakfast at the same reasonable rate : and the next morning, leaving my watch and money here, I went to Mile End by 'bus, to see where Mr. Bayard Taylor had lived when here.

I lost my way in one of the by-streets, and asked how to get out. People were kind and good-natured, but they spoke with such queer accent that I could not understand. At last a little girl of a dozen years, very bright and very beautiful, proposed to show me the way to the main street. She was a ray of sunlight after a whole month of storms. . . . She was making neckties, she said, and getting a sixpence a day ; five pence she paid to a Mrs. Brady, who lived at 52 New Street, and this left her a penny a day to dress and enjoy life upon !

"And can I live with Mrs. Brady for five pence a day ?"

"Maybe so. Mrs. Brady has a room ; maybe you can get it. Let us go and see."

We came, we saw, and settled ! I give Lizzie a shilling a day to run errands, for my leg is awful. She went to the station and got my bag, and she keeps my few things in perfect shape. I think she has some doubts about my sanity. She watches me closely, and I have seen her shake her head at this constant writing of mine. But she gets her shilling regularly, and oh ! she is so happy—and so rich ! Mrs. Brady is about six feet high, and very slim and bony. She has but one eye, and she hammers her husband, who drives a wagon for a

brewery, most cruelly. He is short and stout as one of his beer-barrels, and a good-hearted soul he is too. He loves his old telegraph-pole of a wife, however, and refuses to pound her back when she pounds him, although he assured me yesterday, in confidence, that he was certain he could lick her if he tried.

November 8. Mrs. Brady must be very old or a very great liar. Last night she assured me that her father used to shoe Dick Turpin's horses. She went into detail to show how he would set the shoes on hind side before to look as if he was going away from London, when, in fact, he was coming this way. As if I did not know anything about horses, and how that all this was impossible. I expect she will next develop that she had some intimate relations with Jack Sheppard, or, most likely, some of his descendants. . . .

November 20. Lizzie is a treasure, but she will lie like sixty. Yet she is honest. She goes out and brings me my coffee every morning. Mrs. Brady acts as a sort of mother, and is very careful of her in her coarse, hard way. I must find out who she is, and get her to school if I get on. She tells me her people live over on the "Surrey side," wherever that is. But I have already found that, like Mrs. Brady, she does not like to tell the truth about herself if she can get around it. How odd that poor people will lie so! Truth, the best and chiefest thing on this earth, is about the only luxury that costs nothing; and they ought to be persuaded to indulge in it oftener. New Street! It is the oldest street, I should say, in this part of London. This house we are in is cracked, and has been condemned. The reliable Mrs. Brady says it has only a few months more to stand; that the underground railroad or something runs under it. So I must get out, I guess.

COWLEY HOUSE, COWLEY STREET, WESTMINSTER.

February 14, '71. From Mile End to old Westminster! I am right back of the Abbey. From my garret window I can see the Virginia creepers, which they say were planted by Queen Elizabeth. The walls are high; but this garret of mine is still higher. They call it the poet Cowley's house. As if any poet ever had money enough to build so big a house, or ever had such bad taste as to build such an ugly one.

I hear all the bells of Westminster here, and of Parliament, big Ben, and all. And I hear perpetual pounding and hammering about the Abbey—all the time building or repairing. Not a good place to sleep or to rest, O immortal poets! Such an eternal pounding and pecking of stones and rasping of trowels and mortar no one ever heard. I had rather rest in Oregon,

> Where the plants are as trees; where the trees are as towers
> That toy, as it seems, with the stars at night;
> Where the roses are forests; where the wild-wood flowers
> Are dense unto darkness; where, reaching for light,
> They spill in your bosom their fragrance in showers
> Like incense spilled down in some sacrament rite.

HUNTING FOR A PUBLISHER.

February 27, '71. I have nearly given up this journal to get out a book. I wanted to publish a great drama called "Oregonia," but finally wrote an easy-going little thing which I called "Arizonian," and put the two together, and called the little book "Pacific Poems." It has been ready for the printer a long time. But here one cannot get a publisher at all unless one pays for it. And my money is out, my watch at my Uncle Rothschild's, and I have nothing to pay with. My

brother is slow about sending me money. I am so afraid he is seriously ill. But the book must come out, if I even have to publish it without a publisher !

March 12. What a time I have had tramping about this city with my printed "Pacific Poems" under my arm. I think I have called upon or tried to call upon every publisher in this city. I had kept Murray, son of the great Murray, Byron's friend, to the last. I had said to myself : "This man, whatever the others may do, will stand up for the bridge that brought him over. If all others fail I will go to the great Murray. . . . All others failed, and I went, or rather I tried to go, but only tried, the first time or two. I at first marched stiffly and hastily up Albemarle Street, past the great publishing house. I then went home. I had seen the house, however. That was a beginning, at least. I slept well here in the gloomy old Cowley House at the head of Cowley Street, and next day boldly entered the great publishing house, and called for Mr. Murray. The clerk looked hard at me. Then, mentally settling the fact that I really had business with the great publisher, he said : "Mr. Murray is in. Will you send up your card ?"

My heart beat like a pheasant in a forest. For the first time I was to meet a great publisher face to face. "No, no, thank you ; not to-day. I will come to-morrow—to-morrow at precisely this time." And I hurried out of the house, crossed the street, took a long look at it, and went home the happiest man in London.

I came next day an hour before my time, but I did not enter. I watched the clock at the Piccadilly corner, and came in just as I had agreed. I think the clerk had forgotten that I had ever been there. For my part, I

had remembered nothing else. The great Murray came down—a tall, lean man, bald, with one bad eye, and a habit of taking sight at you behind his long, thin fore-finger, which he holds up, as he talks excitedly, and shakes all the time, either in his face or your own ; and I was afraid of him from the first, and wanted to get away.

He took me up-stairs, when I told him I had a book all about the great West of America ; and there he showed me many pictures of Byron—Byron's mother, among the rest, a stout, red-faced woman, with awful fat arms and low, black curls about a low, narrow brow.

I ventured to say she looked good-natured.

"Aye, now, don't you know, she could shie a poker at your head, don't you know?" And the great Murray wagged his finger in her face, as he said this, quite ignoring me, my presence, or my opinion. Then he spun about on his heel to where I stood in the background, and taking sight at me behind his long, lean finger, jerked out the words : "Now, young man, let us see what you have got."

I drew forth my first-born and laid it timidly in his hand. He held his head to one side, flipped the leaves, looked in, jerked his head back, looked in again, twisted his head like a giraffe, and then lifted his long finger :

"Aye, now, don't you know poetry won't do? Poetry won't do, don't you know?"

"But will you not read it, please?"

"No, no, no. No use, no use, don't you know?"

I reached my hand, took the despised sheets, and in a moment was in the street, wild, shaking my fist at that house now and then, as I stopped in my flight and turned to look back with a sort of nervous fear that he had followed me.

MY FIRST BOOK.

March 20, '71. Published! And without a publisher! No publisher's imprint is on my little book; a sort of illegitimate child, I have sent it forth to the press for a character. The type still stands, and if this goes well I can get a hearing and shall have a lot more of my rhymes set up, make a big book, and fire it right at the head of these stolid Britons.

March 26. Eureka! The *St. James Gazette* says "Arizonian" is by Browning!

Walter Thurnbury, Dickens's dear friend, and a better poet than I can hope to be, has hunted me up, and says big things of "Pacific Poems" in the London *Graphic*. Two splendid Irish enthusiasts from the Dublin University are at my side, stanch and earnest in their love. Now, the new book must come out! Yesterday I submitted a list of names for it—nine names—and one of my Irish friends settled on "Songs of the Sierras." And that it is agreed, shall be the name of the new baby. Good! Good! I see a vast new sun shouldering up in the east over the dense fog of this mighty town. . . . I have met ——, the society poet of this city. I met him through Tom Hood. And he is a character—a sweet, gentle character, but so funny. Yet here I am on forbidden ground. The decent custom of Europe, which forbids mention of men in channels such as this, cuts out nearly all that is of interest in journals. But this one man stands out like a star in his quaint and kind originality. He gave me letters to almost everybody, and I in turn gave him the manuscript of "Arizonian," written mostly on old letters and bills, for it was written in one night and at a single sitting—and I got out of paper. But I think this generous-hearted gentleman

half regretted giving me the letters; and I shall not present all of them. He has already taken me to see Dean Stanley, and it is more than hinted that if I get on I am to meet Her Majesty the Queen at the Dean's in the Abbey some evening at tea. . . .

Dear, dear; you should have seen him last night as he stood with his back to the fire, fluttering his long, black coat-tail with one hand, while his other hand swung his eyeglass in a dizzy circle before his eyes. And he tiptoed up and he fluttered and swung as he said, with a final high flourish of his long black coat, "Yes, yes; I—I—I like the Americans. I must say that I never found an American yet that was really vi-vi-vicious. I have found some that I thought were d-d-dreadful fools. But I never found one that I thought was really vi-vi-vi-vicious!"

THE END OF THE JOURNAL IN LONDON.

April 19. The book came out; and in the whirl of events that followed, the "notes" were neglected. It was a great day—a great year. Such a lot of favors and countless courtesies! For example, I had three letters in succession come to me signed "Dublin." I could not answer or even read all my letters, and so was not particularly disturbed or elated to find these letters from "Dublin," whoever "Dublin" might be. But one of my young Irish friends discovered these letters one day, and fairly caught his breath! "His Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin! He wants you to breakfast with him. Why, your fortune is made!" The doors of all social London are wide open. But somehow I am too full of concern about home to be very happy.

London, May 3. I find here among the Pre-Raphaelites

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one prevailing idea, one delight—the love of the beautiful. It is in the air. At least I find it wherever the atmosphere of the Rossettis penetrates, and that seems to be in every work of art—beautiful art. I am to dine with Dante Rossetti! All the set will be there. I shall hear what they say. I shall listen well, for this love of the beautiful is my old love—my old lesson. I have read it by the light of the stars, under the pines, or away down by the strange light on the sea, even on the peaks of the Pacific—everywhere. Strange that it should be so in the air here. And they all seem intoxicated with it, as with something new, the fragrance of a new flower that has only now blossomed after years of waiting: a sort of century plant—a quarter of a century plant, maybe. For, nearly twenty-five years ago, I am told, these Pre-Raphaelites began to teach this love of the beautiful.

BACK IN AMERICA.

Easton, Pa., August 3. At "Dublin's" breakfast, I met Robert Browning, Dean Stanley, Lady Augusta, a lot more ladies, and a duke or two, and, after breakfast, "Dublin" read to me—with his five beautiful daughters grouped about—from Browning, Arnold, Rossetti, and others, till the day was far spent. When I went away he promised to send me his books. He did so. I put them in my trunk, and did not open them till I got to America. Fancy my consternation as well as amazement and delight to find that this "Dublin" was Trench, the author of "Trench on Words." Ah! why didn't he sign his name Trench? for I knew that book almost by heart.

Yes, back to America! With the cup raised to my lips I was not permitted to drink. I knew bad news would come. I felt a foreshadowing of it all the

time. . . . My brother wrote that our family circle, for the first time, was broken. My only sister was dead. And in that same letter my brother wrote with but a feeble hand. He asked me to come and stand by his side, for the sands were crumbling under his feet. And so I left London, went down to the sea, and took the first boat, sailing from Southampton, where poor Artemus died, and so stood by my dying soldier brother, who had never yet grown strong again after the war. And here, while praise and abuse of my new book went on, I saw and knew nothing of it all, but watched by my best friend, the gentlest man I ever knew, at this little town in Pennsylvania.

O boy at peace upon the Delaware !
O brother mine, that fell in battle front
Of life, so braver, nobler far than I,
The wanderer who vexed all gentleness,
Receive this song : I have but this to give.
I may not rear the rich man's ghostly stone ;
But you, through all my follies loving still
And trusting me . . . nay, I shall not forget.

A failing hand in mine, and fading eyes
That look'd in mine as from another land,
You said : " Some gentler things ; a song for Peace.
'Mid all your songs for men, one song for God."
And then the dark-brow'd mother, Death, bent down
Her face to yours, and you were borne to Him.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ROSSETTI DINNER.

There is no thing that hath not worth ;
There is no evil anywhere ;
There is no ill on all this earth,
If man seeks not to see it there.

September 28. I cannot forget that dinner with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, just before leaving London,

nor can I hope to recall its shining and enduring glory. I am a better, larger man, because of it. And how nearly our feet are set on the same way. It was as if we were all crossing the plains, and I for a day's journey and a night's encampment fell in with and conversed with the captains of the march.

But one may not give names and dates and details over there as here. The home is entirely a castle. The secrets of the board and fireside are sacred. And then these honest toilers and worshippers of the beautiful are shy, so shy and modest. But I like this decent English way of keeping your name down and out of sight till the coffin-lid hides your blushes—so modest these Pre-Raphaelites are that I should be in disgrace forever if I dared set down any living man's name.

But here are a few of the pearls picked up, as they were tossed about the table at intervals and sandwiched in between tales of love and lighter thoughts and things.

All London, or rather all the brain of London, the literary brain, was there. And the brain of all the world, I think, was in London. These giants of thought, champions of the beautiful earth, passed the secrets of all time and all lands before me like a mighty panorama. All night so! We dined so late that we missed breakfast. If I could remember and write down truly and exactly what these men said, I would have the best and the greatest book that ever was written. I have been trying a week in vain. I have written down and scratched out and revised till I have lost the soul of it, it seems to me; no individuality to it; only like my own stuff. If I only had set their words down on paper the next day instead of attempting to remember their thoughts! Alas! the sheaves have been tossed and beaten about over sea and land for days and days,

till the golden grain is gone, and here is but the straw and chaff.

The master sat silent for the most part ; there was a little man away down at the other end, conspicuously modest. There was a cynical fat man, and a lean philanthropist—all sorts and sizes, but all lovers of the beautiful of earth. Here is what one, a painter, a ruddy-faced and a rollicking gentleman, remarked merrily to me as he poured out a glass of red wine at the beginning of the dinner :

"When travelling in the mountains of Italy, I observed that the pretty peasant women made the wine by putting grapes in a great tub, and then, getting into this tub, barefooted, on top of the grapes, treading them out with their brown, bare feet. At first I did not like to drink this wine. I did not think it was clean. But I afterward watched these pretty brown women"—and here all leaned to listen, at the mention of pretty brown women—"I watched these pretty brown women at their work in the primitive wine-press, and I noticed that they always washed their feet —after they got done treading out the wine."

All laughed at this, and the red-faced painter was so delighted that he poured out and swallowed another full glass. The master sighed as he sat at the head of the table rolling a bit of bread between thumb and finger, and said, sitting close to me : "I am an Italian who has never seen Italy. *Belle Italia !*" . . .

By and by he quietly said that silence was the noblest attitude in all things ; that the greatest poets refused to write, and that all great artists in all lines were above the folly of expression. A voice from far down the table echoed this sentiment by saying : "Heard melodies are sweet ; but unheard melodies are sweeter."

"Written poems are delicious; but unwritten poems are divine," cried the triumphant cynic. "What is poetry?" cries a neighbor. "All true, pure life is poetry," answers one. "But the inspiration of poetry?" "The art of poetry is in books. The inspiration of poetry in nature." To this all agreed.

Then the master very quietly spoke: "And yet do not despise the books of man. All religions, said the Chinese philosophers, are good. The only difference is, some religions are better than others, and the apparent merit of each depends largely upon a man's capacity for understanding it. This is true of poetry. All poetry is good. I never read a poem in my life that did not have some merit, and teach some sweet lesson. The fault in reading the poems of man, as well as reading the poetry of nature, lies largely at the door of the reader. Now, what do you call poetry?" and he turned his great Italian eyes tenderly to where I sat at his side.

"To me a poem must be a picture," I answered.

Proud I was when a great poet then said: "And it must be a picture—if a good poem—so simple that you can understand it at a glance, eh? And see it and remember it as you would see and remember a sunset, eh?" "Aye," answered the master, "I also demand that it shall be lofty in sentiment and sublime in expression. The only rule I have for measuring the merits of a written poem, is by the height of it. Why not be able to measure its altitude as you measure one of your sublime peaks of America?"

He looked at me as he spoke of America, and I was encouraged to answer: "Yes, I do not want to remember the words. But I do want it to remain with me—a picture—and become a part of my life. Take this one verse from Mr. Longfellow:

" ' And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.' "

" Good !" cried the fat cynic, who, I am sure, had never heard the couplet before, it was so sweet to him ; " Good ! There is a picture that will depart from no impressible clay. The silent night, the far sweet melody falling on the weary mind, the tawny picturesque Arabs stealing away in the darkness, the perfect peace, the stillness and the rest ! It appeals to all the Ishmaelite in our natures, and all the time we see the tents gathered up and the silent children of the desert gliding away in the gloaming."

A transplanted American, away down at the other end by a little man among bottles, said : " The poem of Evangeline is a succession of pictures. I never read Evangeline but once." " It is a waste of time to look twice at a sunset," said Rossetti, *sotto voce*, and the end man went on : " But I believe I can see every picture in that poem as distinctly as if I had been the unhappy Arcadian ; for here the author has called in all the elements that go to make up a perfect poem."

" When the great epic of this new, solid Saxon tongue comes to be written," said one who sat near and was dear to the master's heart, " it will embrace all that this embraces : new and unnamed lands ; ships on the sea ; the still deep waters hidden away in a deep and voiceless continent ; the fresh and fragrant wilderness ; the curling smoke of the camp-fire ; action, movement, journeys ; the presence — the inspiring presence of woman ; the ennobling sentiment of love, devotion, and devotion to the death ; faith, hope and charity,—and all in the open air."

"Yes," said the master thoughtfully, "no great poem has ever been or ever will be fitted in a parlor, or even fashioned from a city. There is not room for it there."

"Hear! hear! you might as well try to grow a California pine in the shell of a peanut," cried I. Some laughed, some applauded, all looked curiously at me. Of course, I did not say it that well, yet I did say it far better. I mean I did not use the words so carefully, but I had the advantage of action and sympathy.

Then the master said, after a bit of reflection: "Homer's Ulysses, out of which have grown books enough to cover the earth, owes its immortality to all this, and its out-door exercise. Yet it is a bloody book—a bad book, in many respects—full of revenge, treachery, avarice and wrong. And old Ulysses himself seems to have been the most colossal liar on record. But for all this, the constant change of scene, the moving ships and the roar of waters, the rush of battle and the anger of the gods, the divine valor of the hero, and, above all, and over all, like a broad, white-bosomed moon through the broken clouds, the splendid life of that one woman; the shining faith, the constancy, the truth and purity of Penelope—all these make a series of pictures that pass before us like a panorama, and we will not leave off reading till we have seen them all happy together again, and been assured that the faith and constancy of that woman has had its reward. And we love him, even if he does lie!"

How all at that board leaned and listened. Yet let me again and again humbly confess to you that I do him such injustice to try thus to quote from memory. After a while he said: "Take the picture of the old, blind, slobber-mouthed dog, that has been driven forth by the

wooers to die. For twenty years he has not heard the voice of his master. The master now comes, in the guise of a beggar. The dog knows his voice, struggles to rise from the ground, staggers toward him, licks his hand, falls, and dies at his feet."

Such was the soul, heart, gentleness of this greatest man that I ever saw walking in the fields of art.

After a while they talked about the construction of poetry.

"As for the construction of a poem, I hold that there never was a long poem written continuously," said the master; "as a rule, great poems are built like Solomon's temple, section by section, and put together without the sound of the hammer. This brings us back to the assertion that all poems are pictures, and long poems only a succession of pictures strung together on some sweet story of devotion and love." And with this the master was a long time silent.

"Shining beads on a blessed rosary," piped in a little poet not before heard from, away down among the bottles, as he lifted his beaded glass of wine high in his hand and adjusted the glasses on his nose preparatory to drinking, lest they might fall into the glass.

"I find," said one, after a good deal of skirmishing and idle talk, "that great poems are oftener born of accident than design. In looking over the original manuscripts of Childe Harold at Newstead Abbey last summer, I noticed that Lord Byron had first written it Childe Byron, instead of Childe Harold. And it was clearly evident that it was not meant for publication at first, but only as a brief chronicle of his own sentiments and sad life on setting out on his pilgrimage."

Again the advocate of silence, the master, was heard: "To me every man or woman who loves the

beautiful is a poet. The gift of expression is a separate affair altogether. I am certain that the greatest, sweetest, and the purest poets upon earth are silent people—silent as the flowers. Pictures of the beautiful are as frequent to all really refined natures as are the flowers of the field. Yet only one in millions has the gift and power of expression."

"To me the savage or the negro is a truer poet than the scholar of Oxford," cried a lover of Walt Whitman. "They may have been alike born with a love of the beautiful, but the scholar, shut up within the gloomy walls with his eyes to a dusty book, has forgotten the face of nature, and learned only the art of utterance. He has been at school all his life."

"Been at school all his life! Poor man! How ignorant he must be," sighed the fat cynic.

A great deal of merriment followed this, and finally some one talked of alliteration. But the great master sat silent, and did not venture to talk on this theme.

"As to the verbal construction of a poem," piped the little man among the bottles, "add all the decoration you can without covering up the proud proportions of your structure. The world is round, and we are getting back to the soft vowel sounds of the old Greek kings of thought, who, if they ever knew the art of rhyme, had the good sense to disdain it, and use only alliteration and soft, assonant words. Tennyson, Browning, Morris, Swinburne and the master, Rossetti, though they disagree in many things, are unanimous in alliteration and soft sounds. Take a familiar example from Tennyson:

> "'I hold this true whate'er befall;
> I feel it when I sorrow most;
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all.'

Here is not only soft, liquid alliteration, but the vowels fall in, all through the little couplet, in a sad musical sort of a way that gives us both sentiment and song together." Then the man beyond the bottles gave a verse from Atalanta and Calydon :

> " Though the many lights dwindle to one light,
> There is help if the heavens have one ;
> Though the skies be discrowned of the sunlight
> And the earth dispossessed of the sun,
> We have moonlight and sleep for repayment,
> When, refreshed as a bride and set free,
> With the stars and sea-winds in her raiment,
> Night sinks on the sea."

I remember a long pause here ; some changed seats ; the dinner resolved itself into a sort of mass, or a blending together of souls that attracted souls ; there was more wine, much smoke, some laughter, and some stories of love. But over all that was said or done or thought shone like a halo this one delight—the love of the beautiful.

By and by the master began, half sad, half humorously, and carelessly and indifferently threw out this little thought : " Thousands of years ago a poet said, by way of illustration, and in a forceful argument for charity for all, for the good in all things, beauty in all things, that even the toad, repulsive as it seemed, has a jewel in its head. And so the dull, passive world accepted it literally, and has gone on saying, ' The toad hath a jewel in its head.' I suspect millions of toads have been killed by seekers after the traditional jewel. O my friends, go out in the cool of the evening in your garden, and there in the green grass of the fence corner fall down on your knees, and look the panting little toad in the face—

look in his soft, tender, love-lit and liquid eyes, and you will understand. No, no; all jewels are not to be worn in rings and weighed in scales and sold at a pawn-shop. The prettiest jewels, God hangs on the grass, hides in the light of the soft eyes of the toad, and forbids you to touch them. Oh, it is a beautiful, beautiful world! Only let us have capacity to see the beauty that is in it, and we will see nothing that is ugly at all—nothing that is evil at all."

But I have gone too far in this already. I have profaned this great man and occasion quite enough, and shall attempt to quote no more of his wonderful utterances. Yet I shall go on with this thought—these thoughts and fancies—further still. As one who has set out upon a journey and finds that the sun has gone down before he has yet reached the end continues to go on the way he was directed by the light of the moon, so I, for a few paces more, shall try to express something of these teachings, so in accord with my own early notions of poetry and taste.

WHAT IS POETRY?

What was the poetry of Paradise? What was poetry before poetry was written? Beauty! Beauty of soul, thought, form, passion, expression—beauty, visible and invisible. The flight of a bird through the air was a song. The sound of the wind through the trees of Paradise, where every bursting bud was a miracle, as it is now, where every leaf was an inspiration, as it is now—these were the minor poems read and understood by Adam and Eve in the beginning of the world. The wide-winged ship in the middle of the sea, pointing straight to its course through its white path of foam, as commerce grew, guided by the North Star and

making no mistake, bearing in its bosom its little world of love and faith and trust and truth and hope—this is of itself an epic. The bugle-call to battle, the shouts of men and the neighing of horses, the roar of cannon, the waving banners—here is something sinfully poetic. The spotted cattle on the hills, the winding rivers through the valleys, the surging white seas against the granite shores—all life, all action that is beautiful and grand and good is poetry, waiting for expression. The world is one great poem, because it is very grand, very good, and very beautiful.

I once strolled through a miserable Mexican village. The ships went silently down the deep river to the great sea; the flashing mountain of snow in the dying sun was like a mighty fortress of flame in the distance. The shadows were creeping over the cabins, where women came and went in silence, and men sat smoking at the cabin-doors, while children played in swarms by the water. The air was like a breath of God, and all nature seemed as sacred as rest to a weary man. A black, bent, old negro woman, all patches from head to foot, frosty-headed and half-blind, came crooning forth with a broken crock tied together, in which she had planted a flower to grow by her door. I stopped, watched her set it down and arrange it. And then, not wishing to stare rudely at this bent, old creature, I said, "Good evening, auntie; it's a pretty evening." She slowly straightened up, looked at me, looked away at the fading sunlight on the hills, and said softly, "Oh, it's a pretty world, massa!"

That old woman was a poetess—a prophetess. She had a soul to see the beauty, the poetry about her. "Oh, it's a pretty world, massa!" She had no other form of expression, but that was enough. Hers was the

pass-word to nature. "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."

This and similar cases found among the lowly people, persuade us that these are the poets of the earth, and from among them some day will walk forth a Burns. They are the truest lovers of a beautiful world—these negroes with their tranquil natures, the Indians with their deep insight, their silent dignity, and their awful reverence for the God of Nature. They are content with the world. To them it is indeed beautiful. The silent savages and the patient negroes, people who cannot read their names, in the purity, in the poetic simplicity of their natures, repeat almost the very words of the prophet thousands of years ago: "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."

When we believe the world to be good and beautiful, when, in fact, we can see poetry in nature, we may, in the course of time, learn to express that poetry by rules of art, and so be a race of poets.

In Italy you see a man lie down under a fig tree, sleep as if in a palace, and wake up singing an opera without a centime in his pocket. He looks about him, and he sees that the world is very beautiful. He sees beauty in all things. He is tranquil, content, glad, and full of faith and hope and charity. And so they are a race of poets in Italy, of painters and sculptors. An Italian beggar is happier, a thousand times happier, than any prince of fortune I ever saw. He accepts gratefully the beautiful world that the good God has given him; he loves it, and he is glad. And I somehow sometimes think this is very near the purpose of man's creation, and not far, not very far, from the true religion.

For my part, I would rather choose your village poet

for my companion, no matter whether he expressed poetry or not, only so that it was felt, much rather than your mayor or your member of Congress; for he is a lover of the beautiful, and is therefore himself beautiful in soul, and akin to the things of beauty.

I was once riding alone over the mountains of Durango in North Mexico, when I was overtaken by what I thought to be a band of robbers. There was no escaping them—there was but this one mountain road climbing up the back of the great, steep, rugged mountain—and so I did the best I could—joined them, and fell into conversation with the leader, half expecting all the time to be murdered. At last as we climbed the lofty summit and looked down over the rich valley with its cool waters winding through it, this black, hard-looking Mexican reined his mule, lifted his hat, and looking over the valley exclaimed, "Que hermosa!"—"How beautiful!" I felt no fear after that. We slept together that night, and he told me—this man who could not read—told me many pretty things for my book.

He was a poet—a poet without expression—a better poet than I, a thousand times better. To these poets, these lovers of the beautiful, these silent thinkers, these mighty mountaineers, far away from the rush and roar of commerce, these men who have room and strength and the divine audacity to think and to act for themselves—to these men who dare to have heart and enthusiasm, who love the beautiful world that the Creator made for them, I look for the leaven of our loaf.

The mighty march of the seasons is perhaps the sublimest poem in nature. The blowing clouds with their fringes of fire, the forked lightning—all the elements are awful in their beauty, and every movement in the air is a miracle. Then on the earth, the flashing fields of yellow

wheat, the tall and tasselled corn, the woods with the hues of autumn, the scarlet beech tree, the burning bush where Moses saw the face of God—this is poetry.

Would you like to know the secret of happiness?—a secret that no navigator ever brought from the sea—a secret that no merchant prince was ever rich enough to purchase? I will tell you. The secret of happiness is the appreciation of the beautiful in nature—the appreciation of God's unwritten poetry. Ah, you are disappointed! You expected me to tell you how to make a fortune—how to be famous. Do not be mistaken. The secret of happiness is the love of the beautiful. The secret of happiness is the appreciation of unwritten poetry. It has been my singular fortune to meet and mingle with many famous men. I have sat at great men's feet. They have not, as a rule, found the secret of happiness, nor have they been able to purchase it. None of them have seemed so happy to me as that old white-headed negress with the broken flower-pot by the Mexican seas. How good is the good God! for beauty is as free for us all as the winds of heaven.

But you say you cannot appreciate beauty as I do. Have you tried? Have you tried as hard to appreciate the beauty of a field as to possess it? Have you tried a hundredth part as hard to appreciate beauty as you have to accumulate wealth? Have you given the subject one hour a day? one minute a day? Have you ever thought of it at all? If you have, you are just that much happier than the one wealthiest man I ever met.

But you cannot read the sibyl books of nature while you are counting your coins. Nature is a jealous God. Man is strong, but he cannot hold the four winds in his hand at once. He is very tall, but he cannot pluck the stars standing in the mud.

Bring a nude savage into your library and let him look at your books. Of what good are they to him? The beauty, the valor, the virtue that is chronicled there, the mighty deeds—they are indeed a sealed book. He does not even know the alphabet. It would take him five, ten, twenty years to master the mysteries of these works of man. Well, nature's book, too, has an alphabet, and we are even more blind and helpless than that savage, for he has read and does understand the book of nature from which the books of man were all copied, while we, proud, blind, and vain of our knowledge of the books of men, know nothing of the source of all. Were I a great preacher, or speaker of any kind, I would make it my mission to teach this one lesson to America—the love of the beautiful. Then would I teach the true poetry, and my country would be a world of poets. We would then be a happy, religious, contented and cultured people, instead of a race of vulgar and suspicious money-getting merchants, with our laws of bankruptcy and splended system of failures.

Where is Tyre, Thebes, Babylon? They were capitals of commerce, but they gave the world no poet. They very properly perished from the earth—all but in name. And but for the poets of Jerusalem not even their names would have reached us. Jerusalem is indeed a city set upon a hill. Her sublime poets, another name for prophets, her lovers of the beautiful, have made her the centre of the universe. Little Greece today spreads broader over the map of your mind than all Europe, Asia and Africa together, save Jerusalem. Why? Because she was a lover of the beautiful, and she therefore had poets to give expression to that love of beauty.

We take lessons in French at school, in art, in litera-

ture—a thousand things ; a thousand lessons from the books of men, but not one lesson from the book of nature. Are our fathers afraid that we will not build our commercial Tyre fast enough ? Are they afraid if they teach us to look into the heavens for the beauty of the stars, we will forget to look into the mud for money ?

Get acquainted with the world you live in. It will seem better and more beautiful as you get acquainted with it. I saw a student at Dartmouth college last year walking in the forest with his face to a book. It was an insult to nature. The mighty, mossy trees there reaching their long, strong arms in silent eloquence, were despised. He could not read his book there, nor did he love nature, or he would not have attempted it. That student walking there may in time fill his memory, but his heart will be forever empty—his heart will be as cold and empty as a dead man's hand.

To me the grandest poem on earth is night in a deep half-tropical forest. There is nothing so mighty, so Miltonic as this—the myriad voice of night. When I was living in the southern Sierras, one of our great preachers came that way. I by chance got to talking with him about the voices and the noises of night high up on the mountains. He was honestly amazed. He said he thought the world slept for the night. I told him that only man slept in the wilderness, that he would find the world very much awake if he would spend a night high up from the habitations of man. He was resolved to see. And so with two blankets and two pistols, some bread and a bottle of water, we climbed up the steep, timbered mountain a mile above any habitation. We spread our blankets under a mighty tree. We saw the day fade and die on the far, forked snow-peaks, and its ghost came down in darkness and covered

us with its wings. The first thing we heard was a great, black bug that came buzzing along. It struck the bark of the tree, and fell down on the doctor's blanket. Nothing dangerous in a bug. The doctor was delighted. He caught it up, classified it with a Latin name big enough to kill it, put a pin through it, and resolved to keep it as a specimen and trophy of the night. Suddenly, far across on the other mountain-side, there rose the howl of a hundred wolves. Then a thousand wolves high above us on the mountain-top made the woods tremble. The doctor was not a bit frightened. He only sat up a little closer to me, and whispered gently that he thought it was going to rain. Then a broad-winged bird, a black owl, struck in the boughs above us as if it meant to tear down the tree. "I am subject to rheumatism," said the doctor, "and I don't want to get wet." Then there came a crash! A great grizzly bear, that evidently had business in somebody's hog-pen, tore down through the brush and woods on his way to the settlement. Possibly the doctor wanted that bear for a specimen also, for he sprang up, forgot his bug, and started for the nearest house. He should have waited to see the moon come wheeling up and out of the Sierras, white and vast as the snow-peaks, as she laid her broad shoulders bare to the white clouds dragging through the dark pines; to hear the far, faint call of the night birds, the beasts—the thousand notes in the poetry and song of nature at night.

I would say, learn to read the book of nature every day around you—all is open before you—and then the books of men will be simple things, for the greater includes the less. Love and comprehend beauty, for then you will love and comprehend the world. The Vendome Column of France is mounted by the figure of a

mighty soldier. The colossal figure of a sailor looks down through the smoke of London from Trafalgar Square. But the poet and the painter, the lovers of the beautiful, look calmly down upon you from the high niches of Italy—and to which of these lands does the heat turn most tenderly? This love of the beautiful, another name for poetry—this worship of the beautiful, is the best that is in us. Study it every day, when you walk, when you ride, when you rest by the roadside —the flight of a bird gracefully drooping, curving through the air; the shape and tint of a single autumn leaf; the sweet curled moon in the heavens; the still, far stars; the presence of a proud, pure woman, the lifted face—the lovely lifted face as she looks into space for God.

If you will take the pains to consider this a moment—and you ought to give it years of consideration—you will find that all things are beautiful, or trying to be beautiful; the whole earth, all things on the earth or in the sea—everything is struggling all the time for some expression of beauty. The law of the beautiful is as general and as absolute as the law of gravitation. You may drop the vilest piece of earth on the roadside as you pass. You come along next year and find it giving some expression of beauty in little flowers, or tall, strange weeds, or little mosses that lift a thousand perfect spears and spangles from out its velvet carpet.

Yet you cannot come to love the beautiful in a day or to understand nature utterly, after having forgotten her from your birth. You shall not rush into her temples with soiled hands and benumbed soul, and be glad. She will cast you out if you attempt it. On entering the Mosque at Constantinople they made me take off my shoes, bow my head and be silent, in this temple of man.

How much more sacred are the temples of nature! Democratic and accessible as she is, she must have at least something of the respect that we pay to man. You must pass into her temple by degrees. It is a half-life's journey to her heart from the outer door, where you must leave your shoes as you enter.

It is not pleasant to hear a young miss talk of the beauties of nature, with her mouth full, and foolishly, as she laughs and takes honest delight with her young friends at the picnic. I like her: she is honest, she is impulsive, she is good; I reach her my hand, and I would like to lift her higher; but her prattle is profanity. She has been shut up in a school-house all her life. She talks of the beauty of nature because it is getting to be the fashion. She could not tell a pawpaw leaf from the leaf of a poplar. She could walk with her lover in a field, praising the color and texture of the weeds and grasses under foot, and then as likely as not sit down in a nest of nettles.

No, you cannot walk the moment you are born upon earth; you cannot swim without some effort; you cannot read even the books of imitative man without long and patient study. Pray do not be so vain as to imagine you can read the books of nature any more easily after all your long neglect of her. You must ascend a mountain step by step. Wealth will not help you. I imagine, indeed, that the less gold you have to carry on your shoulders as you climb up the height, the less trouble you will have in the ascent.

The life of a great good man is a poem, written or unwritten. Life is poetry, because life is beauty, and the world is one vast unwritten poem. When you go out in the world at night lift your face to the storm, or to the myriad stars, and be glad. They are poetry:

"When the morning stars sang together." There is more gold in a single little star than in all the dirt of the earth. A storm is so beautiful! Listen to the winds and love them; they are just fresh, let loose from the hand of God. Love the tranquil summer, the golden autumn, the silvered moon overhead and the rustling leaves under foot. In the depths of winter lift your face to the pure white snow, for every flake is a palace for a fairy. And love the rushing rain—the wide and white-winged angel, rain. See beauty, grandeur, goodness in all things; for this is poetry, so free for all. And the lovers of the beautiful world are brothers and sisters: they are the true poets of the universe.

Across the broad, brown, peaceful hills,
With blossoms to our bronchos' knees,
With singing birds by broken rills,
We rode through seas of drowsy bees.

The ardor of my speech grew still
As we rode on that perfect day,
The brown birds piping from the hill;
The crickets had it their own way.

Then we fell weary with the day.
God's bars of gold across the west
Before us drew and bade us stay
Beside a blossomed rill and rest.

The camp-fire blazed, the bronchos grazed,
And belly-deep in bloom and grass
Would blink as by the bright flame dazed,
Or sniff to smell the panther pass.

The massive stars of gold stood out,
Bright camp-fires of poor, weary souls
Bound heavenward. While all about
Couched peace, with blossoms for patrols.

II.

IN CALIFORNIA.

I.

OLD CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, October 5, 1871. Again in the golden West, where we are baptized in the fire of the setting sun, and all things have a hue, a fervor, a flavor all their own. Civilization took a mighty step when she set her foot from the shores of England to those of America. Manhood took a still broader stride from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific. England is honest, good, great. There is, indeed, more solid honesty in one square foot of England than in all Gotham ; but she is far behind America in the salient features of civilization.

But what is civilization ? Is it heart ? Humanity ? I think so. Certainly it is not in strength of armies or might of cannon. But whatever it is, commend me to the old Californian. I should say that an old gold hunter of '49, standing on a peak of the Sierras with the world behind him, storm-blown and beaten, yet with hands and heart open, unsullied by any sin of the populous world below, stands not far from God.

They climb'd the rock-built breasts of earth,
The Titan-fronted, blowy steeps
That cradled Time . . . Where Freedom keeps
Her flag of white-blown stars unfurl'd,
They turn'd about, they saw the birth
Of sudden dawn upon the world :
Again they gazed ; they saw the face
Of God, and named it boundless space.

Ah, there have been clouds in the old Californian's life, storms and wrecks, and years of clouds. And even still there are more than enough in the West to make the sunset glorious. But the world is away off to him. He has memories—a lock of hair in his hand, a little song in his heart. He lives alone in the past. Life, love—all with him are over ; but he does not complain. May he strike it yet in the shaft he is still sinking, in the great tunnel he is still boring into the mountains, and go back to his waiting wife and babes. Alas ! his babes are full-grown ; he will never see his babies any more.

It is to be allowed that these men were not at all careful of the laws, either ancient or modern, ecclesiastical or lay. They would curse. They would fight like dogs—aye, like Christians in battle. But there was more solid honor among those men than the world will ever see again in any body of men, I fear, till it approaches the millennium. Is it dying out with them ? I find that the *new* Californians are rather common cattle.

Do you know where the real *old* Californian is ?—the giant, the world-builder ?

He is sitting by the trail high up on the mountain. His eyes are dim, and his head is white. His hands are not strong. His pick and shovel are at his side. His feet are weary and sore. He is still prospecting. Pretty soon he will sink his last prospect-hole in the Sierra.

Some younger men will come along, and lengthen it out a little, and lay him in his grave. The old miner will have passed on to prospect the outeroppings that star the floors of heaven.

He is not numerous now ; but I saw him last summer high up on the head waters of the Sacramento. His face is set forever away from that civilization which has passed him by. He is called a tramp now. And the new, nice people who have slid over the plains in a palace car and settled down there, set dogs on him sometimes when he comes that way.

I charge you, treat the old Californian well wherever you find him. He has seen more, suffered more, practised more self-denial than can now fall to the lot of any man.

I never see one of these old prospectors without thinking of Ulysses, and wondering if any Penelope still weaves and unweaves, and waits the end of his wanderings. Will any old blind dog stagger forth at the sound of his voice, lick his hand, and fall down at his feet ?

No, he will never return. He has not heard from home for twenty years. He would not find even the hearthstone of his cabin by the Ohio, should he return. Perhaps his own son, a merchant prince or the president of a railroad, is one of the distinguished party in the palace car that smokes along the plain far below.

And though he may die there in the pines on the mighty mountain, while still feebly searching for the golden fleece, do not forget that his life is an epic, noble as any handed down from out the dusty eld. I implore you treat him kindly. Some day a fitting poet will come, and then he will take his place among the heroes and the gods.

But there is another old Californian, a wearier man,

the successful one. He, too, is getting gray. But he is a power in the land. He is a prince in fact and in act. What strange fate was it that threw dust in the eyes of that old Californian, sitting by the trail high up on the mountain, and blinded him so that he could not see the gold just within his grasp a quarter of a century ago? And what good fairy was it that led this other old Californian, now the banker, the railroad king, or senator, to where the mountain gnomes had hidden their gold of old?

What accidental beggars and princes we have in the world to-day? But whether beggar or prince, the old Californian stands a head and shoulders taller than his fellows wherever you may find him. This is a solid, granite truth.

Our dead are the mighty majority of old Californians! No one would guess how numerous they are. California was one vast battlefield. The knights of the nineteenth century lie buried in her bosom; while here and there, over the mountain-tops, totters a lone survivor, still prospecting,

> "And I sit here, at forty year,
> Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine."

There is an older Californian still—"the oldest inhabitant," indeed. I knew him, a lusty native, a quarter of a century ago, in the impenetrable forests and lava beds around the base of Mount Shasta. He, too, is dead; dead in spirit at least, if not altogether in fact.

If valor is a virtue, let us at least concede that to the red man of the California mountains. There were battles fought here between the miners and red men before General Canby was ever heard of. They were bloody battles, too. But they never got to the ears of the

world. If Captain Jack with his handful of braves held the United States army at bay for half a year, you may well understand that we miners met no boy's play there when these Indians were numerous and united.

But the Indian, as I knew him there, is utterly extinct. About the fisheries of the McCloud, and along the stage road on the head waters of the Sacramento River, you see little houses now and then not unlike our miners' cabins of old. There are the homes of the few remaining Indians of Northern California. There is a little garden and straggling patches of corn about the door; two or three miserable ponies nibble about the barren hills hard by, and a withered, wrinkled old squaw or two grunts under a load of wood or water, as she steps sullen and silent out of the path to let you pass. And that is about all. Her husband, her sons, are dead or dying of disease in the dark, smoky cabin yonder. He accepted the inevitable, and is trying to be civilized. Alas! long before that point is reached, he will have joined his fathers on the other side of darkness.

I spent a week at Soda Springs, near Mount Shasta, in sight of our old battle-ground in Castle Rocks, or *Castillo del Diablo*, as it was then called. I tried to find some of the men who had fought in that little battle. But one white man remained. At the time of this fight, which took place on the 15th day of June, 1855, he was married to the daughter of a friendly chief, and, as he was the only *alcalde* in all that country, was a sort of military as well as civil leader, and in the battle was conspicuous both for courage and good sense. He tried to keep me back and out of danger. He told me that I was of no account in the fight, and only in the way. But when I was shot down at his side in a charge through the chaparral, he took me in his arms and car-

ried me safely aside. He cared for me afterward, too, till I got well. How glad I was to find him still alive! When you go up to Soda Springs, jump out of the stage at Sweetbrier Ranch, only a few miles this side of Soda, and look him up. Do you think him an illiterate boor? He is of one of the best families in New York, and a scholar.

A few years ago one of his wealthy sisters came out to visit the old man from the Eastern States. From San Francisco she telegraphed her approach and the probable day of her arrival at his mansion.

She came; but she did not find him. The old Californian had long contemplated prospecting the rugged summit of an almost inaccessible mountain. He felt that the time had come for this work, as his venerable maiden sister, with all her high ideas of "family," approached. He called his spouse and his tawny children about him, bade them take up their baskets and go high, very high up into the mountains, for acorns. And the gray old Californian sinched his little mule till she grunted, tied a pick, pan, and shovel to the saddle, and so pointed her nose up the peak, and climbed as if he was climbing for the morning star. . . .

I wonder how many of us are alive to-day! I saw the old earthworks only last week. They are almost levelled now. The brown grass and weeds covered them. As I climbed the hill to hunt for our old fortress, a squirrel scampered into his hole under the wall, while on the highest rock a little black lizard basked and blinked in the sun and kept unchallenged sentinel. . . .

I remember when we came to bury the dead. We could not go to town for a preacher, and so one of our party had to officiate. That was the saddest burial I ever saw. The man broke down who first began to read.

His voice trembled so he could not get on. Then another man took the Bible and tried to finish the chapter; but his voice trembled too, and pretty soon he choked up and hid his face. Then every man there cried, I think.

Oh, this search for the golden fleece! Death and oblivion for so many! Fortune for so few! While writing of wealth where gold is a god, let me implore you do not much care for it. Nor would I have you very much respect those who possess it.

In the first place, the foundations of nearly all the great fortunes of the Far West have been almost purely accidental. After that it became merely a question of holding on to all you could get. Of course, many threw away their opportunities. But remember that many gave away all they had to help others, and are now gray and forgotten in the mountains, while they might have been to-day at the head of their fellows in the city.

I know it is hard to teach and to preach against the traditions and the practices of all recorded time. But while money may remain to the end "the root of all evil," I think one may grow, if not to despise it, certainly not to worship it. And so it is that I wish to sandwich and wedge in this fact right here. I beg you do not too much admire the rich men of this rich land, where wealth may be had by any man who is mean enough to clutch and hold on tight to it.

I tell you that, in nine cases out of ten, great acquired wealth lifts up monumental testimony to the meanness of its possessor.

I knew two neighbors, old Californians, who had about equal fortunes. They were both old settlers, both rich, and both much respected. In that fearful year, 1852, when the dying and destitute immigrants literally

crawled on hands and knees over the Sierra trying to reach the settlements, one of these men drove all his cattle up to the mountains, butchered them, and fed the starving. He had his Mexicans pack all the mules with flour, which at that time cost almost its weight in gold, and push on night and day over the mountains to meet the strangers there and feed them, so that they might have strength to reach his Ranch, where they could have shelter and rest.

The other man, cold and cautious, saw his opportunity, and embraced it. He sat at home and sold all his wheat and mules and meat, and with the vast opportunities for turning money to account in that new country soon became almost a prince in fortune.

But his generous neighbor died a beggar in Idaho, where he had gone to try to make another fortune. He literally had not money enough to buy a shroud ; and as he died among strangers, by the roadside, he was buried without even so much as a pine board coffin.

I saw his grave there only last year. Some one had set up a rough granite stone at the head. And that is all. No name—not even a letter or a date. Nothing. But that boulder was fashioned by the hand of Almighty God, and in the little seams and dots and mossy scars that cover it He can read the rubric that chronicles the secret virtues of this lone dead man on the snowy mountains of Idaho.

The children of the "Prince" are in Paris. Upheld by his colossal wealth, their lives seem to embrace the universal world. He is my friend. He buys all my books, and reads every line I write. When he comes to this sketch he will understand it. And he ought to understand, too, that all the respect, admiration, and love which the new land once gave these two men gathers

around and is buried beneath that moss-grown granite stone ; and that I know, even with all his show of splendor, that his heart is as cold and as empty as that dead man's hand.

II.

DAMMING THE SACRAMENTO.

While we are in these hills and mountains of the Sierras, let me tell you the story of our journey from Oregon. I will tell you a true story about a boy among the hundred old heroes of the epic age of America. I want you to like the story. I want you to love the boy.

Away up under the shadows of Mount Shasta, plunging down to the south, foaming, shouting, thundering down the land as if to shake the mountains loose, the new-born Sacramento River is as cold and clear and white as the eternal snows that feed his thousand gold-bearing tributaries.

Long ago, in the early days of California, when all the rivers there were thought to be full of gold, it was considered a matter of course that the great Sacramento, far up at its source, was also gold-bearing, and that it only needed men and a little labor to "wing-dam" this stream some summer, and find a vein of gold almost as rich as the famous deposits of the Feather and the American rivers, which feed the Sacramento and drain the melting snows of the Sierras far away to the south.

And so it was in the spring of 18—, with this purpose in view, that a party of strangers in San Francisco hastily pooled their fortunes, consisting mainly of hope and muscle, and, ascending the Sacramento River to within thirty miles of its source, settled down there and began to cut it in two with a wing-dam.

How, in one short and yet uncompleted summer, these ten men had managed to do the amount of work which they had, it is hard to say. Winter was not far off at the furthest in this altitude, but, then, how a man working for himself will strike out with the thought constantly before him that the very next blow of his pick may mean to him wife, children, father, mother, home, or, what is the same thing, gold that would pave the road leading back to these and all else dear to man!

Late one evening, as the brawny, hairy, half-robed miners still wrestled with the boulders down in the bed of the river, which as yet had yielded no sign of its secrets, a pale, slim boy stood on the bank and inquired, in a helpless way and with a weak, tired voice, if they did not want "to hire help."

The men stopped, looked up, then at each other, then at the boy above them on the bank; and then they roared with laughter.

"Hire help! Look here, are you the help?" howled the strongest of them, called "Samson."

"Yes, sir."

Again the ragged men leaned on their picks and shovels, lifted up their heads, and roared.

"Say, are you an orphan?" laughed "Colonel Lasses," turning a quid. "We're all orphans here, and a long ways from home. Are you an orphan and a long ways from home?"

"No, sir," piped the tired boy, "I am not an orphan; but I am a long ways from home."

"Well, you better start home, then. It will be dark by the time you get there, I guess. From the Flat, eh?"

"From the Flat, sir? Where is that?"

"Why, Portuguese Flat," chimed in a tall fellow, with a touch of gentleness in his voice. "It's four miles down, the only mining camp on this end of the river. Where did you come from, my kid, that you didn't know that, eh?"

"Why, sir, I came from the other way—down from Oregon. There's been a battle away up the river. I was hit, you see, and am only now come down."

Some of the men looked at each other, and others shook their heads. But the very tall and ragged one, who was called "Nut Crackers," leaned soberly aside on his pick.

At last one of the men, a sprightly, handsome young fellow called Timothy, threw down his long-handled shovel and, coming up out of the mine, said:

"Well, my kid, you may not be an orphan, but you're a mighty long ways from home; about a thousand miles, I guess. And as you can't get back there to-night, you'd better bunk with us—eh, boys?"

"Bet your boots!" cheerily cried Nut Crackers at his side, as he twirled a finger playfully through the boy's yellow hair.

A heavy-booted, half-bear creature, that came crawling out of the mine after his younger partners, grunted out a qualified assent, and the party went slowly stringing out toward the brush shanty of the company, which stood a little way back from the foaming river. Others followed, for the sun was down and it was time to "knock off."

The boy was weary and altogether wretched. He was tall and pale and thin, like a weed that has grown in shadow, and was not likely to be an addition to the working-force of the mine ; but he was reserved and respectful, and so eager to help about the camp in bringing wood and water, and so careful not to be in the way, that he was tolerated until after the tired men had had their suppers. And then when they had filled their pipes, and had thrown themselves about the roaring and sweet-smelling fire of yew and juniper, he was made to feel quite at home, and soon fell so soundly asleep by the fire that he knew nothing more till the sun came down over the mountains, next morning, and looked him full in the face and wakened him.

It was Nut Crackers's "cook-week," and he had left a tin cupful of coffee hot by the fire, where the boy still lay. With an air of desperation, he was now down on his knees, with his sleeves rolled up, before a tubful of boiling hot water and obstinately greasy tin plates. He made an experimental dive with his big fist into the boiling water, and then suddenly leaped up, and hopping high on his naked heels, launched into a series of incoherent oaths, which was timidly interrupted by the boy.

"Let me wash 'em for you, please."

"You?" said Nut Crackers, savagely, in an effort to vent some of his irritation on the new-comer.

"Yes, as soon as I wash my hands."

"You'd better drink your coffee, and get some color in your face first."

"I will. But, sir, I want to wash the dishes for you. I know how. I always washed the dishes for mother at home when she was sick."

Nut Crackers stopped swearing. Pretty soon he came up to the boy, who was washing his hands and face in

the little stream that slid through the camp, and, snapping his fingers, which were as red as boiled crawfish, said :

"Kid, have you got a mother and do you— ? But bah ! Yes, wash 'em. It's not a man's place to wash dishes. Wash 'em and clean up about camp. Got no money to pay you ; we're all on the verge. But you clean up about here, and stay 'round for grub ; time enough to get down to the Flat after beans."

And with this he unrolled his sleeves and hobbled off down to the mine, leaving the boy in charge of the few blankets, brush-beds, camp-kettles, pans, and old boots which made up the tangible fortune of the "Sacramento Wing-dam Company."

When the ten tired men came up to dinner that day, they found such a change for the better that they persuaded the boy to stay. True, they had no money, even for themselves ; but when they "struck it"—and strike it they must the very next week—he should be paid, and paid well. And with this understanding they went back to their work that afternoon, leaving behind them a boy with a lighter heart than he had borne for half a year.

The men worked like beavers now. The summer had slipped away, and winter had taken possession of the summits of the mountains and set them with snowy castles. The river was rising every day, inch by inch. They must cut quite across the river-bed and strike the vein before the river broke over the wing-dam, or all their labor would be lost. They had already, even in midsummer, pierced the centre of the river-bed, and thrown the stormy stream behind them. They were now on the farther side, and were cutting straight for the bed-rock bank that cropped out not twenty feet away. They had begun with the bed-rock bank on the other

side, and had followed the bed-rock across the entire bed of the river. The gold must lie somewhere ahead of them—somewhere within the next twenty feet. It was now only a question of days, of hours. This, be it remembered, was in the early days, when all men still obstinately believed that gold must lie in veins and strata.

How full of hope, of heart, were these men who had been shut up there in a gaping crevice of the earth all summer! Not one doubted that they would strike it—a little yellow vein deep in the bed of this stormy river, where the finger of God had placed it in the dawn of creation. Banks might fail, ships founder at sea, but this gold—it was *there!* It *had to be* there! A little yellow river of virgin gold!

These ten men did the work of forty. They could hardly wait for dawn, and they worked at night while the stars stood sentinel at the castles of snow above them. They scarcely ate their food, they were so eager. However, there was but little to eat. They did not wear much clothing, although winter was in the air. One man had not even the fragments of sleeves to his only remaining shirt. This was the man called Samson. He had arms like a giant, and would show the knots of muscle on his arms by the fire-light, and boast of his strength by the hour. He had a theory that the arms should always be entirely naked. He said he had torn off and thrown away his splendid sleeves in order to give the muscles of his arms full play, and he advised all the boys to do the same. But it so happened that one night, after one of these boastful exhibitions, having undertaken to dry the socks of these giants on a pole by the fire as they slept, the boy discovered that Samson had torn off the covering of his arms in order that he might protect his feet.

It is to be recorded that the early Californian was particularly partial to Biblical names. There was one of this party called Joseph. "We calls him Joseph because one day he fell in the pit; and then, he's the bashfullest 'un in the camp," said Lazarus, a bony, pock-marked, thoughtful man, aside to the boy.

One of this new company was called Colonel Lasses. Colonel Lasses was from the South, and chewed tobacco. Perhaps nothing pleased the colonel better than firing tobacco juice at the thousand little lizards that danced up and down the shining white boulders that strewed the bar. I forgot to say that Colonel Lasses was not his name. Lazarus, in a burst of confidence toward the boy, had informed him that they at first had called the colonel "Molasses Jug"—not because he was sweet, but because he looked it. But they had found it a little too long, and finally polished it down to "Lasses."

There now remained only a few feet between the energetic miners and the abrupt bed-rock wall before them. Yet no man for a moment entertained a shadow of a doubt that his fortune lay there, in virgin gold. Or if any man for an instant had a doubt, he kept it to himself. True, only a few feet remained. But even a few inches would be enough to hide a vein of incalculable wealth. Who should come to doubt, after all they had endured and dared? No, there was no possible show for Fortune to escape them. The gold *must* be there. For was not winter nipping at their heels? Was not the last bit of rusty old bacon in the camp-kettle with the last handful of Chili beans? They had not tasted bread since the Sunday before, the last time they had all gone down to the Flat, and then they had pawned the last six-shooter of the crowd for a last square meal. Bread! Their bread was hope. And of that they had plenty.

But now the boy fell ill—suddenly and seriously ill. He had never quite pulled up, and now, all at once, just as they were about to strike it, just on the eve of the next to the last day, he broke quite down, and lay half-delirious with a fever, as the men came up from the mine by moonlight and quietly gathered about him. They had somehow learned to love him in spite of themselves.

He was indeed very ill. But what could they do? There was no doctor at the Flat. There was not even a drug-store. And if there had been, what then? Every pistol, rifle, knife, every available article, had been pawned—"put up," as they called it—to carry on the work.

"Boys," at last cried Timothy, the impulsive young fellow who had first welcomed him, "boys, I have an idea; yes, boys, I have. Let's make the kid a pardner!"

"Jist as we're strikin' it?" murmured a voice with a Southern accent, out on the edge of the dark. Then after a pause, long enough to turn a quid, the voice answered itself, "Wa-al, yes, Timothy."

Nut Crackers was not a talker. His lips quivered a little, and he went out aside in the dark.

There was a deep silence. The proposition seemed absurd to nearly every man there. The river surged on, now louder, now softer; the fire leaped and licked its red tongue, as if about to break the stillness, and that was all. But Timothy was in dead earnest, and hearing a voice out in the dark breaking the awkward silence never so faintly, was on his feet.

"He may die, boys. He may not live till morning."

"In that case—in that case, I guess we can do it," chipped in the man from Maine.

"Look here, boys, if we strike it, there is enough for us all. And if—if—" here Timothy's two forefingers hooked together angrily, as if they were ready to strangle each other at the thought—"if we don't strike it—"

Several of the men were on their feet and glaring at each other. The speaker hastened on:

"But of course we will. Boys, it's there. Of course it's there. It's *got* to be there. I never doubted it, boys. But I am a bit superstitious. And as I sat there looking in that boy's face, I says to myself, says I, boys, God wouldn't, couldn't, disappoint that face. Now, if he was in with us, boys, we couldn't possibly miss it to-morrow."

No man answered, but several crossed over to the other side of the fire to the boy, and Lazarus put out his hand to the sufferer, and said tenderly, as he took up the thin and helpless fingers:

"Shake, pardner, shake. You're one of us now."

Even the sour and silent man from Maine came up and shook the boy's hand; then, as he shuffled off to his own side of the fire, he said, half to himself:

"Well, if we do miss it neow, there's one good deed we git credit for, anyheow."

"Key-rect, boys," said the laconic colonel, as he gave the hand of fellowship, and walked off, feeling somehow broader in the chest and bigger about the heart than he had for a year. "But if God A'mighty goes back on us now after what we've done—wa-al, I'll jist—" But the last of this speech was drowned in the roar of the Sacramento River as it rolled away in the darkness with its mighty secret that, on the morrow, should be torn from its very heart.

In the lull which followed, a voice was heard out in the dark in the direction toward which Nut Crackers had

gone, stumbling and twisting his long, ungainly legs over the great boulders. And as one of the men spoke to the kid by the fire of to-morrow, of the gold, his going home, the wife waiting at the door three thousand miles away, the old mother waiting with one foot in the grave, who could not go to rest till she said good-by to her boy, the moon seemed to come down out of heaven to see and the river to stop and listen.

This was the eve of battle. What victory or defeat for to-morrow! No coward had as yet ever set his face for the Sierras. Each man here was a hero. And every one of these worn-out fellows had a heart like a girl. Even the laconic colonel hooked his knuckles in his eyes and, turning away so as not to be seen, muttered:

"Blast me, if Nut Crackers ain't out there a-prayin'."

As the man came back out of the dark, a song burst out in the mountains by the camp-fire, such as the Sierras had never heard before and will never hear again. It was not the words, not the air, not the singular occasion. But it was the heart, the hope—the extreme of hope which is despair. It was the old and simple song, lined by the man from Maine:

"From Greenland's icy meount'ins;
From Injy's coral stran';
Where Afric's sunny feount'ins
Roll down their golden san'."

Perhaps it was the "golden sand" that had so long filled their souls, sleeping and waking; maybe it was the "icy mountains" about them that invoked the song. But whatever it was, the hymn broke out and rolled on to full completion as strong and as resolute as the river it outsung. The man from Maine sang loudest of all; it seemed that the power of the mountain pines was in his voice.

And the boys no longer looked down or turned aside now. They shook hands in hearty mountain fashion, and sang and sang together again. It seemed that they had never become acquainted through all that summer before.

When they had finished the hymn for the second time, the man from Maine grasped the hand of Lazarus and Nut Crackers, and cried out:

"Once more, boys! Once more! And, boys, the p'int and main thing in the prayin' and the singin' is that the kid gits well, of course. But, boys, chip in a sort o' side prayer for the mine. Now, all together:

"'From Greenland's icy meo-u-n-t'ins,'—

Yes, boys, heave it in for the mine, on the sly, like. Keep her up, now!

"'From Injy's coral str-a-n',
Where Afric's sunny feo-u-n-t'ins
Roll down their golden s-a-n'.'

Aye, boys, weather eye on the mine; don't cost a cent more, you know, to come right out flat-footed for the mine, so that she can't miss in the mornin' under no possible sarcumstances."

The song was finished, and with light hearts they laid down at midnight—soldiers in the trenches, waiting for the dawn.

The boy had heard and understood it all. He was not so ill now. Care, the thought of those at home, the hope deferred—these things had made the heart sick and the body sick. But now he should have gold! Gold! Gold! Not for himself had he come to the Sierras. But there was a mother who had been tenderly reared, there was a father who had been a scholar in his day, then the little ones—all these had been pitched

headlong into the wilderness, and were utterly out of place. How he pictured the return—the escape from the wilderness! It made the blood leap in his heart, and after a night of sleep he felt a new flush of strength with the first gray of dawn, when the men were on their knees before Fortune in the mine.

No man had tasted food. No man thought of that. And well enough, too. No! Their first meal should be down at the Flat. They would all take back their pistols, rifles, rings, and knives, and pay the men with gold ravished from the unwilling river.

The boy sat on the bank, wrapped in a blanket, just above the knot of eager, breathless men. The dull, blunt pickaxes were driven to the eyes at every blow. The worn-out shovels sent the gravel ringing to the rear. Only one foot now remained!

Was the gold hidden in the last little crevice in the river? Where was it? It *was* there! It *must* be there! But where?

At last the pickaxe struck through. The gravel shelved off and fell down with a dull thud, and a pan was washed in a trice.

Not a color!

And not an oath was heard! Draw a red line right here, and remember it. Not a single oath was heard. And these men were neither unskilled nor out of practice in that line.

Quietly and mechanically the boy went back and gathered up the few old blankets that would bear transportation. Joseph went up the river a little ways, opened the floodgates, and as the last man climbed out of the pit, leaving the battered tools behind him, the waters came booming over like a mighty inflowing tide.

The huge and weary old wheel ceased to creak, and the Sacramento swept on in its old swift fashion.

The group of men was not so depressed, not so miserable, after all, as you might think, as they hobbled back to camp and took up their blankets. True, they turned their heads for a last look as they climbed the hill away from the bar, but it was noticeable that they still did not swear. The man from Maine muttered something about yet making the river pay by rafting lumber down it, but that was all.

The boy's legs failed him at the first hill, and Nut Crackers took him upon his shoulders. Soon another took him, and so in a sort of glorious rivalry these vanquished Trojans reached Portuguese Flat. And as, tired and heartless, they stumbled into the town, they lustily sang a song with these words for the chorus :

> "And we dammed the Sacramento
> As it never was dammed before."

Joseph had the boy on his shoulders, while Nut Crackers followed close behind ; and in this order they entered the only hotel, with the others stringing in after them.

"Barkeep'," began Joseph, as he settled the load on his shoulders, "we wants to pawn this 'ere boy. Yes, we do. We wants to pawn this 'ere boy for one squar' meal to git away on, and we'll come back in the spring and redeem him. Yes, we will. If we don't, barkeep', may we never strike it—here, or up yonder."

And what a dinner it was !

But Joseph, Timothy, Samson, Lazarus, gentle Nut Crackers, where are you now ? And what has befallen you, brave soldiers of fortune ? Are you climbing the mountains still ? Or have you left them forever and become merchant princes, railroad kings, and leaders of

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your fellow-men? If there is one of you living anywhere, in whatever circumstances, answer one who writes these lines and who loves you well; for he it was you pawned for your dinner when you dammed the Sacramento.

III.

AN ELK HUNT IN THE SIERRAS.

When it was discovered that gold did not exist in great paying quantities on the head-waters of the Sacramento River, the thousands there who had overrun the land and conquered the Indians melted away. But I had been kindly treated by the Indians, partly perhaps because I was the only white boy in the country at that time, and partly maybe because I had been badly wounded in a battle against them, and was still weak and helpless after a sort of peace was patched up; and so I went freely among them. The old chief's family was strangely kind to me. He had a very beautiful daughter. But I needed the services of a surgeon, and as the summer passed I set out for the settlements, a hundred miles down the Sacramento River to the south.

Early in the fall of 1855 I reached Shasta City, in my slow journey from Soda Springs, after the battle of Castle Rocks, and there had the services of an Italian doctor, who quite healed my wounds and set me once more on my feet. We became greatly attached, and this

new friend of the Old World seemed resolved to be my friend indeed. He had a cabin and a mining claim near Shasta City, and was counted rich in gold dust. In this cabin he established me, set me to reading all sorts of books, and began to teach me Italian and Spanish But my heart was not always in that cabin or with my books. Often and often I climbed the highest mountain looking away toward Mount Shasta to the north. Somebody was waiting up there, I knew. I knew that two dark eyes were peering through the dense wood toward the south ; two soft brown hands parting the green foliage, looking out the way that I should come, certain that I would come at last. My friend and benefactor had furnished me with a fine horse and the finest saddle that the place could furnish ; besides, he had armed me like a brigand, clad me in a rich, wild fashion, and filled my purse with gold dust. Great plans he had for our future—going to the Old World and resting all the years in Italy. I was not strong enough or yet quite content enough to work much, and so was often absent, riding, dreaming, planning how to get back to the north and not hurt the kind heart of my new friend. One night when I was absent thus he and his partner were both murdered in their cabin and robbed of their gold. When I returned the cabin was cold and empty.

When the spring came tripping by from the south over the chaparral hills of Shasta, leaving flowers in every footprint as she passed, I set my face for Mount Shasta, the lightest-hearted lad that ever mounted horse. A hard day's ride brought me to Portuguese Flat, the last new mining camp and the nearest town to my beloved Mount Shasta. Here I found my former partner in the Soda Springs property, Mountain Joe, and together we went up to Mount Shasta.

The Indian chief, Blackbeard, gave me a beautiful little valley, then known as Now-ow-wa, but now called by the euphonious (?) name of Squaw Valley, and I built a cabin there. As the winter settled down and the snow fell deep and fast, however, the Indians all retreated down from out the spurs of Mount Shasta and took refuge on the banks of the McCloud River. I nailed up my cabin, and on snowshoes recrossed the fifteen miles of steep and stupendous mountains, and got down to winter at my old home, Soda Springs. But a new Yankee partner had got his grasp about the throat of things there, and instead of pitching him out into the snow, I determined to give it all up and set my face where I left my heart, once more, finally and forever, with the Indians. Loaded down with arms and ammunition, one clear, frosty morning in December I climbed up the spur of Mount Shasta, which lay between me and my little valley of snow, and left the last vestige of civilization behind me. It was steep, hard climbing. Sometimes I would sink into the snow to my waist. Sometimes the snow would slide down the mountain and bear me back, half buried, to the place I had started from half an hour before. A marvel that I kept on. But there was hatred behind, there was love before—elements that have built cities and founded empires. As the setting sun gilded the snowy pines with gold I stood on the lofty summit, looking down into my unpeopled world of snow.

An hour of glorious gliding, darting, shooting on my snowshoes, and I stood on the steep bluff that girt above and about my little valley. A great, strange light, like silver, enveloped the land. Across the valley, on the brow of the mountain beyond, the curved moon, new and white and bright, gleamed before me like a drawn cimeter to drive me back. Down in the valley under

me busy little foxes moved and shuttle-cocked across the level sea of snow. But I heard no sound nor saw any other sign of life. The solitude, the desolation, the silence, was so vast, so actual, that I could feel it—hear it. A strange terror came upon me there. And oh, I wished—how devoutly I wished I never shall forget—that I had not ventured on this mad enterprise. But I had burned my ship. It had been as impossible for me to return, tired, hungry, heartsick as I then was, as it had been for me to lay hold of the bright cold horns of the moon before me. With a sigh I tightened my belt, took up my rifle, which I had leaned against a pine, and once more shot ahead. Breaking open my cabin door, I took off my snowshoes and crept down the steep wall of snow, and soon had a roaring fire from the sweet-smelling pine wood that lay heaped in cords against the walls. Seven days I rested there, as lone as the moon in the cold blue above. Queer days! Queer thoughts I had there then. Those days left their impression clearly, as strange creatures of another age had left their foot-prints in the plastic clay that has become now solid stone. When the mind is so void, queer thoughts get into one's head; and they come and establish themselves and stay. I had some books, and read them all through. Here I first began to write.

On the eighth day my door was darkened, and I sprang up from my work, rifle in hand. Two Indians, brave, handsome young fellows, one my best and dearest friend in all the world, stood before me. And sad tales they told me that night as I feasted them around my great fireplace. The tribe was starving over on the McCloud! The gold-diggers had so muddied and soiled the waters the season before that the annual run of salmon had failed, the Indians had for the first time in centuries no

stores of dried salmon, and they were starving to death by hundreds. And what was still more alarming, for it meant the ultimate destruction of all the Indians concerned, I was told that the natives of Pit River Valley had resolved to massacre all the settlers there. After a day's rest these two Indians, loaded with flour for the famishing tribe, set out to return. Again I was left alone, this time for nearly three weeks. The Indians returned with other young men to carry flour back to the famishing, while we who were strong and rested prepared for a grand hunt for a great band of elk which we knew wintered near the warm springs, high up on the wooded slopes of Mount Shasta. Perhaps I might mention here that this cabin full of provisions had remained untouched all the time of my absence. I will say further that I believe the last Indian would have starved to death rather than have touched one crumb of bread without my permission. These Indians had never yet come in contact with any white man but myself. Such honesty I never knew as I found here. As for their valor and prowess, I can only point you to the Modoc battle-fields, where the whole United States Army was held at bay so long nearly twenty years after, and pass on.

After great preparation, we struck out steeply up the mountain, and for three days wallowed through the snow in the dense, dark woods, when we struck the great elk trail. A single trail it was, and looked as if a saw-log had been drawn repeatedly through the snow. The bottom and sides of this trail were as hard and smooth as ice. Perhaps a thousand elk had passed here. They had been breaking from one thicket of maple and other kinds of brush which they feed upon at such times, and we knew they could not have gone far through this snow, which reached above their backs. We hung up

our snowshoes now, and, looking to our arms, shot ahead full of delightful anticipation. At last, climbing a little hill, with clouds of steam rising from the warm springs of that region, we looked down into a little valley of thick undergrowth, and there calmly rested the vast herd of elk. I peered through the brush into the large, clear eyes of a great stag with a head of horns like a rocking-chair. He was chewing his cud, and was not at all disconcerted. It is possible we were not yet discovered. More likely their numbers and strength gave them uncommon courage, and they were not to be easily frightened. I remember my two Indians looked at each other in surprise at their tranquillity. We lay there some time on our breasts in the snow, looking at them. The Indians observed that only the cows were fat and fit to kill. Some of the stags had somehow shed their horns, it seemed. There were no calves. So the Indians were delighted to know that there was yet another herd. We fell back, and formed our plan of attack at leisure. It was unique and desperate. We did not want one or two elk, or ten ; we wanted the whole herd. Human life depended upon our prowess. A tribe was starving, and we felt a responsibility in our work. It was finally decided to go around and approach by the little stream, so that the herd would not start down it—their only means of escape. It was planned to approach as closely as possible, then fire with our rifles at the fattest, then burst in upon them, pistol in hand, and so, breaking their ranks, scatter them in the snow, where the Indians could rush upon them and use the bows and arrows at their backs.

Slowly and cautiously we approached up the little warm, willow-lined rivulet, and then, firing our rifles, we rushed into the corral, pistols in hand. The poor, helpless herd was on its feet in a second, all breaking out

over the wall of snow, breast high on all sides. Here they wallowed and floundered in the snow, shook their heads and called helplessly to each other. They could not get on at all. And long after the last shot and the last arrow were spent I leisurely walked around and looked into the eyes of some of these fat, sleek cows as they lay there, up to their briskets, helpless in the snow. Of course the Indians had no sentiment in this matter. They wanted only to kill and secure meat for the hungry, and half an hour after the attack on the corral of elk they were quartering the meat and hanging it up in trees secure from the wolves. In this way they hung more than a hundred elk, not taking time to skin or dress them in any way. The tallow was heaped about our camp-fire, to be defended against the wolves at night. And such a lot of wolves as came that night! And such a noise, as we sat there feasting about the fire and talking of the day's splendid work. The next morning, loaded with tallow, my two young friends set out on the long, tedious journey to the starving camp on the McCloud River. They were going to bring the whole tribe, or, at least, such of them as could make the trip, and the remainder of our winter was to be spent on Mount Shasta. I was once more left alone. But as our ammunition at hand was spent, I was in great fear and in real danger of being devoured by wolves. They drew a circle around that camp and laid siege to it like an army of well-drilled soldiers. They would sit down on their haunches not twenty steps away, and look at me in the most appetizing fashion. They would lick their chops, as if to say, "We'll get you yet; it's only a question of time." And I wish to put it on record that wolves, so far as I can testify, are better behaved than the books tell you they are. They snarled a little at each other as they sat

there, over a dozen deep, around me, and even snapped now and then at each other's ears ; but I saw not one sign of their eating or attempting to eat each other. By day they kept quiet, and only looked at me. But it was observed that each day they came and sat down a little bit closer. Night, of course, was made to ring with their howls both far and near, and I kept up a great fire.

At last—ah, relief of Lucknow !—my brave boys came back breathless into camp. And after them for days came stringing, struggling, creeping, a long black line of withered, starving, fellow-creatures. To see them eat ! To see their hollow eyes fill and glow with gratitude ! Ah, I have had some few summer days, some moments of glory, when the heart throbs full and the head tops heaven ; but I have known no delight like this I knew there, and never shall. Christmas came and went, and I knew not when, for I had now in my careless happiness and full delight lost all reckoning of time. But, alas, for my dream of lasting rest and peace with these wild people of Mount Shasta ! As the birds of spring began to sing a bit, and the snow to soften about our lofty camp, a messenger came stealing tiptoe over from the Pit River Valley. And lo ! the Indians had risen, starved and desperate, and murdered every white man there. And I knew that I should be accused of this.

IV.

THE PIT RIVER MASSACRE.

The English spell the name of this river with an additional letter, as if after the name of an eminent statesman. But I think the above is right, as the name is certainly derived from the deep and dangerous pits that once made this whole vast region here—Pit River Valley—very dangerous ground for strangers. These pits, dug in trails and passes by squaws who carried the dirt away in baskets, were from ten to twenty feet deep, jug-shaped and covered with twigs and reeds and leaves. At the bottom lay sharpened elk and deer antlers, and sometimes sharpened flints and spears, pointed up to receive the victim. Even if one was not disembowelled on first falling into the pit, the ugly shape of it made it not only impossible for man but for even the most savage and supple wild beast to climb again to the light; and darkness and a lingering death were the inevitable end. These pits of course made the land a terror, and it was not until as late as 1856 that this most lovely valley in all California was fairly possessed by settlers. Once in possession, the white man of course soon found out the secret pits, and they gradually filled up as they fell into disuse. Yet in the Pit River war, which followed the massacre, I know that one man and several horses were disembowelled by these dreaded pits; for after the Indians again got possession they attempted to restore this curious means of defence against invasion.

The buds were beginning to swell and birds to sing in the sunniest places about my Indian camp on the south-

ern slope of Mount Shasta as the news came of the Pit River massacre. I was the only white person left in all the country round. And I knew at once that I would be accused of having advised and directed the massacre. For all knew that I sympathized with the Indians. I cannot enter into detail to show how the Indians had been wronged; how they had been driven to this; how their men had been shot down for no other offence than that of having wives which the gold hunters and gamblers desired; how that, after one year of this bloody work, they found themselves starving and dying and desperate; how they rose up and swept away every white man into eternity, and fed their little ones on the thousand cattle. But I take the responsibility of saying that the Indians were entirely in the right. Politic it was not. It meant their final annihilation. But they died finally not without some revenge. Nor will I trouble myself with any detailed denial of complicity in the massacre. If I had had any part in it at all, I certainly should not hesitate to say so frankly. For after a quarter of a century, looking at the matter with maturer sense, and from all sides and in all lights, I do not see how the Indians could have done anything else and retain a bit of self-respect. And I do not see how the white men could have expected anything else in the end. The rape of the Sabines was as nothing compared to the ruthless way in which these men had seized upon the handsomest Indian women of the valley and murdered their fathers, brothers, husbands, who dared protest or even ventured to beg about their doors as the winter went past, while they housed in comfort in the snowy valley and fed their fattened herds in half a dozen great corrals made of ricks of hay. This hay was fired simultaneously in the half-dozen barracks scattered over the valley, generally by the hand of a

captive squaw; and as the white men fled out over the snow they were shot down by the Indians. And this is the story of the massacre as it came to me at my camp early in the spring of 1857. Two white men only had escaped. They had not been pursued; but they were known to be at that time trying to make their way through the snow to Yreka, three days' travel away to the north-west. As I knew their line of retreat would be not far from my camp, I had bonfires set on a cliff of rocks overlooking the country, in hope that they might be guided to my camp and be fed. But they made their way to Yreka without finding me, and there gave the world the first news of the destruction of the settlement. Of course I did not know of their final escape, but thinking to give the first information of the deplorable event, and desiring to be quite certain of my report, I set out at once for Pit River Valley, sixty miles distant, and far below my camp on the spurs of Mount Shasta.

Blackbeard, the chief of the tribe I had cast my fortunes with, did not say much. He advised me, however, to keep away and out of the whole affair. But I had an image all the time of those two men struggling through the snow in death, and terror ringing in their ears, and I wanted to meet and help them. And then we had been shut up in camp so long, were so full of rest, that restraint was hard to bear. I resolved, however, to go no nearer than the great bald mountain overlooking the valley, from which I could see with my glass and be able to say positively whether or not the last hay fort had been burned. My two favorite young Indians were permitted to go with me. But the chief told me that he should lead his people still deeper into the fastness of Mount Shasta, try to keep his young men from taking sides in the coming war, and wait to see what might

happen. I do not think the old chief doubted my devotion to him or questioned the sincerity of my cherished purpose of establishing my Indian republic, or sort of Indian territory, with Mount Shasta for its geographical centre and he for its head chief. But I think he gravely doubted my judgment, as well he might at that time, and so he did not give me his confidence at all. In fact, so far from trusting me, he deceived me. For I could see busy preparation for battle going on all about me. The morning I set out with my two young followers, with the promise to go no farther than the great bald mountain overlooking the valley, I missed several of our best warriors from the camp. They had, like Job's war-horse, "sniffed the battle from afar," and had gone like true gentlemen to champion their color and their kind, and to battle for the right, as it was given them to see the right, and—die!

After such a swift day's run over the snow as seems almost incredible, we stood in the sunset on the summit of the bald mountain overlooking Pit River Valley. No smoke curled any more against the cold blue sky that rounded above the vast valley. The stillness of death hung over it. Where the great hay-ricks had been drawn around the herds of cattle in secure corrals, with the houses in the centre, only black spots were to be seen. The snow had disappeared from the valley, and instead of the weary and eternal white that had met my eyes everywhere for so many months, I witnessed the welcome green of spring spread like a carpet beneath me. I could almost smell the flowers. Far beyond and across the two great rivers that cleave the glorious valley I could see a boundless field of blue. This was the camas blossom. This flower sweeps over and purples all Oregon in the early spring. Civilization has laid hand

on it, named it the hyacinth, and grows it in single stems from bulbs carefully kept in windows and warm places in the spring-time.

How I wanted to go down and gather a handful of flowers! What gift would be so precious for some one waiting for my return back in the camp of snow and woods? I know this sentence and this sentiment read absurdly, and my only excuse for it is its absolute truth. I knew quite well that away down there in each of those dark spots dead men lay unburied, and that the beautiful valley before me, another Eden from which man had been newly expelled, was soon to be the scene of bloody war; that my own life was in peril from both races and in all places now; and yet all this, all these perils were as nothing compared to my desire, my determination to have a handful of flowers.

As we stood there the stars came out—they came out shyly, timidly, as on tiptoe. I saw them come out while it was yet day, twinkle a bit and then go back, as if afraid. By and by they trooped out in armies, and all heaven was ablaze with the biggest stars this side of Syria. They stood out above the gleaming snow-peaks about us so near and clear that you might almost fancy you heard them clink against their fronts of icy helmets. The stillness was like a song, an immortal melody. We listened, we leaned and listened; the stars leaned out of heaven listening. No sound of life. No sound of strife now. Eden was as still on the day before the fashioning of man. Should I turn back as I promised? Perhaps if I had not promised so certainly I had not so madly resolved to see more. Yet I could have resisted all the temptation to slide down that steep mountain of snow and see and know all, had it not been for the flowers. Oh, the mad glory of going down there and grasping the

summer in my hand and taking her back to winter in the wilderness !

Pretty soon Indian camp-fires began to gleam about the green and wooded girdle of the valley. Fate set one of these camp-fires almost at our feet. Seven miles distant and one mile perpendicular ! We looked each other in the face as we stood there on the starlit summit of snow and saw the camp-fire gleam through the green pine tops at our feet. That light down there was death to any moth that might flutter too closely about it. But it was irresistible. And then the flowers !

I tightened my belt. The Indians did the same. Then with but a single word we bounded down that steep mountain of snow with a wild and savage delight that I defy any mortal to feel inside the pale of civilization. The night was our friend. With her protecting arms about us, her mantle shutting us in from the sight of unfriendly eyes, we would look in upon the Indian camp, we would hear their speeches about the council fire, see their wild, splendid gestures ! Ah, we would have something to tell when we returned. And then the flowers !

I dare not say how soon we reached that camp, nor have I time to enter into detail. What narrow escapes of discovery as we lay on our bellies under the sweet-smelling pines and listened to the stirring eloquence of the nearly naked warriors. How the blood tingles at such times ! What a spice peril like this gives to life !

Soon the feasting began. Then the tempting smell of roasted beef was too much for our hungry stomachs to bear longer, and as we could hear nothing more and could really do nothing at all, we passed on around the camp and went still on till we came to the level valley and the warm naked earth with flowers at her breast and girdle.

I snatched these flowers from the hand of nature that reached them up from the south, and then, with a little detour where we saw a nude dead man—a mute, unchallenged witness of the massacre—we began, weak and hungry, to climb the mountain on our return.

Day dashed in upon us like troopers long before we knew it. We had forgotten the stars in the dial-plate above in the intense excitement before us, and before we had quite left the edge of the open valley we were in the full light.

Suddenly we met two old women. They were attached to an outpost which we had passed in the night, and were on their way to the camp we had been spying out. We took them with us, and ran up the hills as fast as our weak and worn legs would carry us. When quite in the woods and well up the mountain-side, the Indians wanted to kill the women, fearing that they might escape and give the alarm. I protested. The old women listened and understood all that was said. They of course took sides with me. The young Indians seemed very much set on this notion of theirs, and finally, odd as it may seem, we deliberately sat down there on the steep and snowy mountain-side and argued the thing quite a while, the old women taking a very active part in the argument, as you may well believe.

Finally one of them broke away and escaped. Then of course we set the other loose and dashed ahead with all the strength that desperation could lend us. A hundred swift fellows would be at our heels in an hour, we knew right well.

As we climbed one hill, with a great hollow behind us, we could see the trees alive on the ridge behind us and across the steep, deep hollow. But they were too far away to shoot at us yet. One more hill before us!

As we finally struggled to the summit of the old bald mountain, where we had stood in the twilight of the day before, I being literally borne and dragged between my two companions, we saw the base of the hill black with savages. And I could scarcely stand! It was decided to descend the mountain to the left and cross the McCloud. The Indians tore off some tough cedar bark from a dead trunk, tied me in this hollowed cradle, and so dragging me darted down the hill toward the McCloud River on a swift run. Once safely near the river we began to feel relieved. On the bluff above the river they took me out, stood me between them and rushed down the steep wooded hill to the water's edge. The enemy stopped on the steep bluffs above and overlooking the river. They were within pistol-shot behind the trees scattered about the brow of the hill. But they knew too much to follow us into the thicket. No, they preferred to pick us off at their leisure as we attempted to swim the river.

But swim that river, swift and strong and cold as death, I could not. So my two Indian friends rolled a light dry log into the water as we lay close under the bank hidden from the enemy above, who were waiting to see us plunge into the stream before us. I lay down on this log, one of the Indians taking charge of my arms. Then they came into the water with me. They pushed the log down the river under the steep bank, unseen by those on the hill, and both clung to it as the swift current bore us away. This was our escape! Before the Indians on the bluff suspected it, we were a mile away down the river and climbing the bank on the other side. They did not follow us further. The two brave fellows left me and went on for help when certain we were not followed. And so I finally reached camp, barely alive, and with no sign of summer or sweet flowers in my feeble hand.

V.

THE GIRL OF THE LONG AGO.

Oh, you all have seen her. And you all have loved her, and loved her honestly and well. An honest old miner I met yesterday told me he saw her first a tow-headed, barefooted girl, thirty years ago, licking molasses in a Wabash sugar-camp from a wooden ladle; that she was lovely, honest, and good as gold; that her eyes were lost bits of the blue heaven overhead, and her hair like spun gold; that she was only a baby then and he a boy of a dozen years, but for all that he loved her and he loves her still. We know and he knows too, if he would only admit it to himself, that Time has stolen the roses from her pretty baby face, bowed and made slow and sad the willowy form, filled the blue heaven of her eyes with pitiful tears, and sifted his cold snows thick through the gold of her hair. Yet to him she stands there eternally young, eternally fair, licking the sugar ladle, laughing at him, looking down in love through the blue heaven of her beautiful eyes.

Another old man has taken me into his confidence, and has told me with a shake of his few gray locks that the girls of to-day are not what the girls used to be when he was in the States. Ah, there was one, he went on to say very earnestly, who loved her mother, loved her father, loved him, and did not flirt at all. She sat knitting all the time with meek and downcast eyes, and talked of butter and eggs, little chickens, and the coming crop. She had helped to plant the corn, she milked the cows, minded the calves, and had spun and woven every shred of every garment she wore.

In the better or rather the broader walks of life, I find the same doubt and question. But ah, my dear old boys, human nature has not changed. It is we that have changed. A girl of eighteen is still a girl of eighteen to every touch of the hand, to every thrill of love and every pulse of her proud, pure heart. Confidentially, my dear old comrades of the mining camp, it is we that have changed. The trouble is we are no longer eighteen ourselves, not by a long shot! And the trouble is the girls know it. But if it is any consolation to you, here are the lines you solicited, to the memories of the past:

TO THE GIRL OF LONG AGO.

I think she was fairer than the girl of to-day—
  She was dearer by far, I know;
And never I questioned the queenly sway
  Of the girl of long ago.

Then where is the darling of long ago,
  When the blood ran warmer than wine?
Is she under the lilies or under the snow,
  The darlingest girl of mine?

Has she laid down to rest with the sod on her breast,
  The cherished of long ago?
Has she wandered afar, where the strange ways are?
  Is her dark hair white like snow?

Oh, whether afar where the strange ways are,
  Or whether above or below,
God keep her from harm, for her heart was so warm—
  And oh, I loved her so!

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love? or who is love? Count the leaves on the trees and count the kinds of trees there are, and mark their changes, their color, their kind; define each well—

the development, the decay, the beauty, the glory of their full flower, the pathos of their decline, the pity of the strewn leaves that once lorded and laughed high in the sun—such is love, my innocent boy, my old and cynical sinner, such is love. And the man who says he can hold love and bind him in thongs or lay down law that love will obey and so live with him, is a very young man.

I can only advise this : be worthy of being loved. And then, like a tree that bears perpetual flowers, the busy bees will seek you soon or late, and will not be in haste to fly away, but will stay and stay and come again and again. This is a very business-like world. Without caring to admit it, without even knowing it, perhaps, the best of us will find that this is a world of commerce, even in love. You get just about as much as you give. You must pay for love with love. You must pay for love with real love, mind you, not counterfeit love, not make-believe love, not a greenback love, away below par, but a real gold coin, full measure, sixteen-dollar-to-the-ounce love, and my word for it the eternal equity of the court of heaven will see that you are not cheated out of a single cent that you honestly invest.

But oh, this idea of trying to put love in a cage and keep it there, as you would a monkey or a parrot, while you go out and have a good time, and expect to find it there when you come back ! It won't do. Love has more sense in one minute than the cunningest man that ever lived ever had in his whole life. And you can't fool with love without being made a fool of yourself. No ; give love the liberty you love so well yourself. Give love the liberty to go, and he will stay right there forever and forever, if you will only give him a pole to perch on and even so much as a cracker to eat.

WHO IS LOVE?

Why, Love, my love is a dragon-fly
That weaves by the beautiful river,
Where waters flow warm, where willows droop by,
Where lilies dip waveward and quiver;
Where stars of heaven they shine for aye,
If you take not hold of that dragon-fly,
By the musical, mystical river.

Let Love go his ways; let the lilies grow
By that beautiful, silvery river;
Let tall tules nod; let noisy reeds blow;
Let the lilies' lips open and quiver;
But when Love may come, or when Love may go,
You may guess and may guess, but you never shall know,
While the silver stars ride on that river.

But this you may know: If you clasp Love's wings,
And you hold him hard by that river,
Why, his eyes grow green, and he turns and he stings,
And the waters wax icy and shiver;
The waters wax chill and the silvery wings
Of Love they are broken, as broken heart-strings,
While darkness comes down on that river.

'Tis a land so far that you wonder whether
E'en God would know it should you fall down dead;
'Tis a land so far through the wilds and weather,
That the sun falls weary and flushed and red,—
That the sea and the sky seem coming together,
Seem closing together as a book that is read:

Oh! the nude, weird West, where an unnamed river
Rolls restless in bed of bright silver and gold;
Where white flashing mountains flow rivers of silver
As a rock of the desert flowed fountains of old;
By a dark wooded river that calls to the dawn,
And makes mouths at the sea with his dolorous swan:

Oh! the land of the wonderful sun and weather,
With green under foot and with gold over head,
Where the sun takes flame and you wonder whether
'Tis an isle of fire in his foamy bed:
Where the ends of the earth they are welding together
In a rough-hewn fashion, in a forge-flame red.

III.

IN OREGON.

I.

IN THE LAND OF CLOUDS.

Months ago we steamed away from San Francisco for the wild and savage coast of Oregon. A rugged coast is hers; a hard and almost impenetrable hull like a walnut's, and with a kernel quite as sweet when once you get inside. Almost a thousand miles, as the sea runs, and hardly a single inviting harbor.

But once inside her white sea-shores, and a world so grand, so sublime and vast, so entirely new, is yours, that you stand uncovered, as if you had entered the home of the eternal.

'Tis the new-finished world; how silent with wonder
Stand all things around you; the flowers are faint
And lean on your shoulder. You wander on under
The broad, gnarly boughs, so colossal and quaint,
You breathe the sweet balsam where boughs break asunder—
The world seems so new, as if smelling of paint.

The Indians tell you that giants dwelt here of old; that they fought for this peerless land, fought for it to the death, and that these seventeen peaks of ever-

lasting snow are their monuments, which they built above their dead.

Well, whatever be the traditions, or the truths, it is something to have seen this land when it came first from the Creator's hand to the possession of man. It is sweet to have loved it first, last, and always. So sweet to have set the cross of song on its everlasting summits, and so sit down and wait for stronger and better and more cunning minstrels to come and subdue it to their dominion.

Yet on the proudest of these peaks I tried to set something more than a song. There are footprints on its topmost limits, for frowning and cloud-roofed Mount Hood is not at all unapproachable; but even woman, if she loves him well and has the daring and audacity of some English travellers I have known, may conquer him, put him under her pretty feet, easily.

> Here lifts the land of clouds! The mantled forms,
> Made white with everlasting snow, look down
> Through mists of many cañons, and the storms
> That stretch from Autumn-time until they drown
> The yellow hem of Spring. The cedars frown,
> Dark-brow'd through banner'd clouds that stretch and stream
> Above the sea from snowy mountain crown.
> The heavens roll, and all things drift or seem
> To drift about and drive like some majestic dream.

Mount Hood stands about sixty miles from the great Pacific, as the crow flies, and about two hundred miles up the Columbia River, as it is navigated. The Columbia is tranquil here—mild and calm and dreamy as Lake Como. But twenty miles higher, past the awful overhanging snow-peak that looks as if it might blow over on us as we sail up under it, the grand old river is all torrent and foam and fearful cataract.

Mount Hood stands utterly alone. And yet he is not

at all alone. He is only a brother, a bigger and taller brother, of a well-raised family of seven snow-peaks.

At any season of the year, you can stand on almost any little eminence within two hundred miles of Mount Hood and count seven snow-cones, clad in eternal winter, piercing the clouds. There is no scene so sublime as this in all the world.

The mountains of Europe are only hills in comparison. Although some of them are quite as high as those of Oregon and Washington Territory, yet they lie far inland, and are so set on the top of other hills that they lose much of their majesty. Those of Oregon start up sudden and solitary, and almost out of the sea, as it were. So that while they are really not much higher than the mountain peaks of the Alps, they seem to be about twice as high. And being all in the form of pyramids or cones, they are much more imposing and beautiful than those of either Asia or Europe.

But that which adds most of all to the beauty and sublimity of the mountain scenery of Mount Hood and his environs is the marvellous cloud effects that encompass him.

In the first place, you must understand that all this region here is one black mass of matchless and magnificent forests. From the water's edge up to the snow-line, clamber and cling the dark green fir, pine, cedar, tamarack, yew, and juniper. Some of the pines are heavy with great cones as long as your arms; some of the yew trees are scarlet with berries; and now and then you see a burly juniper bending under a load of blue and bitter fruit. And nearly all of these trees are mantled in garments of moss. This moss trails and swings lazily in the wind, and sometimes droops to the length of a hundred feet.

In these dark forests is a dense undergrowth of vine-maple, hazel, mountain ash, marsh ash, willow, and brier bushes. Tangled in with all this is the rank and ever-present and imperishable fern. This fern, which is the terror of the Oregon farmer, stands so rank and so thick on the ground in the forests that oftentimes you cannot see two yards before you, and your feet can hardly touch the ground. Through this jungle, with the great dark trees towering hundreds of feet above, prowl the black bear, the panther, the catamount, and the California lion.

Up and through and over all this darkness of forests, drift and drag and lazily creep the most weird and wonderful clouds in all this world. They move in great caravans. They seem literally to be alive. They rise with the morning sun, like the countless millions of snow-white geese, swans and other water-fowl that frequent the rivers of Oregon, and slowly ascend the mountain sides, dragging themselves through and over the tops of the trees, heading straight for the sea, or hovering about the mountain peaks, as if they were mighty white-winged birds, weary of flight and wanting to rest.

They are white as snow, these clouds of Oregon, fleecy, and rarely, if ever, still. Constantly moving in contrast with the black forests, these clouds are strangely, sadly sympathetic to one who worships nature.

Of course, in the rainy season, which is nearly half the year here, these cloud effects are absent. At such times the whole land is one vast rain-cloud, dark and dreary and full of thunder.

To see a snow-peak in all its sublimity, you must see it above the clouds. It is not necessary that you should climb the peak to do this, but ascend some neighboring hill and have the white clouds creep up or down the val-

ley, through and over the black forest, between you and the snowy summit that pricks the blue home of stars. What color ! Movement ! Miraculous life !

A few months ago, I met a party of English travellers who were completing the circuit of the world by way of San Francisco. I was on my way to Oregon, and this party decided to sail up the coast with me, and, if possible, ascend Mount Hood.

The party consisted of a gentleman and his wife, his wife's sister and brother, besides their little child of about ten years, a pale little cripple on crutches. The journey around the world had been undertaken, I was told, in the hope of restoring her to health. So she was humored in every way, and everything possible done to please and amuse her.

We sailed pleasantly up the barren, rocky, and mountainous coast of Oregon for two days, and all the way we watched the long, moving lines of white clouds clinging about the mountain-tops, creeping through the mountain passes in long, unbroken lines, or hovering wearily around some snowy summit ; and the English travellers counted it all strangely beautiful.

Not a sail in sight all these two days. And the waters of this, the vastest of all seas, as still and as blue as the blue skies above us.

Whales kept spouting about us, and dolphins tumbled like circus men before us ; and the pale little cripple, sitting on the deck on a soft chair made of shreds of cane or rattan by the cunning Chinamen, seemed very happy. She had a lapdog, of which she was amazingly fond. The dog, however, did not seem so fond of her. He was a very active fellow, full of battle, and much preferred to lying in her lap the more active amusement of running and barking at the sailors and passengers.

After some ugly bumps on the sand-bars at the mouth of the Columbia—a place strewn with skeletons of ships —we at length entered this noble river. It is nearly ten miles wide here, and many little islands, covered with tangled woods from water's edge to summit, dot the wide and tranquil harbor.

Half a day's hard steaming up the river, with here and there a little village nestling in the dense wood on the water's edge at the base of the mighty mountains on either side, and we were in Portland and preparing to ascend Mount Hood.

It seems incredible, but, unlike all other mountains of importance, this one has no regular guides. We had to hunt up and make an entire outfit of our own.

Of course the little cripple was left behind, with her nurse and dog, when we five gayly mounted and rode down to the ferry to cross the Willamette River, which lies at the edge of the town and between our hotel and Mount Hood.

As the boat pushed off, the little cripple's frolicsome dog, Vixey, leaped in with us from the shore, barking and bounding with delight, to think he was to escape being nursed and was to make one of the expedition.

We rode hard through the tangled woods, with rank ferns and brier bushes and thimbleberry bushes in our faces. We climbed up almost entirely unfrequented roads and trails for half a day. Then we dismounted by a dark, treacherous, sandy stream, and lunched.

Mounting again, we pushed on in single file, following our guides as fast as we could up steep banks, over stones and fallen logs, and through almost impenetrable tangles of fern and vine-maple. There were three guides. One, an Indian, kept far ahead on foot, blazing out the way with a tomahawk, and shouting back and

yelling to the other guides till he made the solemn forest ring.

The two ladies kept the saddle and clung to the horses' manes. But the men often dismounted and led their tired horses by the bridle.

The yelping dog had gone astray a dozen times, chasing squirrels, deer, and even birds, and I heartily hoped he would get lost entirely, for I abhor poodles. But the parents of the little cripple, when he would get lost, would not go on without him. So this kept us back, and we did not reach the snow-line till dusk.

The guides had shot a deer, two grouse, and many gray squirrels ; so that, when we had made a roaring fire of pine knots, and had fed and rubbed down our worn-out horses, we sat there in the light of our great fire by the snow border, and feasted famously. For oh, we were hungry !

Then we laid down. But it seemed to me we were hardly well asleep before the guides were again boiling coffee, and shouting to each other about the work of the new day. How tired we all were still ! All but that dog. That noisy and nervous little poodle seemed to be as eager as the guides to get us up and on before the sun had softened the snow.

In the gray dawn, after a solid breakfast, each with a pike in hand and hobnailed shoes on the feet, we were in line, lifting our faces in the sharp, frosty air for the summit of Mount Hood.

The snow was full of holes. Now and then a man would sink to his waist. We strangers would laugh at this. But observing that the guides took such mishaps seriously, we inquired the reason. When they told us that some of these holes were bottomless, we too became serious, and took hold of the long rope which they car-

ried, and never let go. The ladies brought up the rear, and, like all English ladies, endured the fatigue wonderfully. That tireless little dog yelped and bounded, now in the face of this man, now in the face of that, and seemed by his omnipresence to belong to flank and rear and van.

Before noon we came to a great crack, or chasm, or cleft, in the mountain side, for which the guides could give no reason. Their only idea of it appeared to be one of terror—their only object to escape it. They all fastened the rope to their belts, so that, in the event of one falling in, the others could draw him back.

As we advanced we found the mountain precipitous, but in nowise perilous, if we except these treacherous cracks and holes referred to.

Now and then we would lean on our pikes and turn our heads to the world below. Beautiful! Beautiful! Rivers of silver! Cities, like birds' nests, dotted down in the wilderness beneath. But no one spoke, when speaking could be avoided. The air was so rare that we were all the time out of breath.

As we neared the summit, one of the guides fell down, bleeding at the mouth and senseless. One of the gentlemen forced some brandy down his throat, when he sat up and feebly beckoned us to go on.

Ten minutes more of hard climbing and five Saxons stuck their pikes in the summit and stood there together, five or six feet higher than the highest mountain in all that mountainous region of North America.

The wind blew hard, and the little woolly dog lay down and curled up in a knot, for fear lest he should be blown away. He did not bark or take any kind of delight now. The fact is, he did not like it at all, and was pretty badly frightened. It is safe to say that he

was quietly making up his mind that, if he ever got back to that little basket with its blue ribbons about the borders and the cosey little bed inside, he would be willing to take a nap and stay with the lonesome little cripple.

The ladies' lips and noses were blue with the cold, and their hair was making all kinds of banners and streamers in the biting wind. The guides seemed dull and indifferent to everything. They lay flat down a few feet from the summit, pointing out the highest place to us, and took no interest in anything further, not even in their companion, whom we could see doubled up a little way below on the steep side of the snow.

We men moved on down over the summit on the Columbia side a few yards, in the hope of getting a glimpse of the great river which we knew rolled almost under us. But the whole world seemed to be one mass of clouds on that side ; and we hastened back to the ladies, resolved to now descend as soon as possible.

One of the ladies, meantime, had gone down to the guides and got a little bundle, consisting of a British and an American flag and a Bible, with all our names in it. And the two were now trying to fasten the flags on a small iron pipe. But the wind, which had been getting stronger every minute since we came, was now so furious that we felt it was perilous to keep the ladies longer on the summit. So one of our party started with them down the mountain, while we other two took charge of the tokens of our achievement, which we hoped to leave here to tell others who might come that we had been before them.

Flutter ! flutter ! flap ! snap ! phew ! Away went the British and American flags together. And before we knew it, the Bible, now lying on the snow, blew open and started after them. The gallant Briton at my side

threw out his long leg and tried to stop its flight with his foot. But it bounded over the snow like a rabbit, and was gone.

The little dog lying there on his breast was terribly tempted to start after it, and if he had, there would have been no further interest in this sketch. But he seemed to have lots of sense, and lay perfectly still till the last one of us started down the mountain. Then he bounded up and on down after us, and his joy seemed without limit.

As we hastily descended, we found the stricken guide already on his feet and ready to lead in the descent. The ladies, too, had thawed out a little, and did not look so blue.

We began to talk too, now, and to congratulate ourselves and each other on the success of our enterprise. We were in splendid spirits, and the matchless scenery before us filled us with exultation.

The guides, however, cautioned us at every step as we neared the holes, and all held stoutly on to the rope. The little dog leaped ahead over the hard snow, and seemed the happiest of all the happy party. He advanced down the mountain backward. That is, he would somehow leap downward tail first, looking all the time in our faces—looking up with his red mouth open, and his white, fat little body bounding like a rubber ball over the snow. Suddenly the head guide cried out in terror. The dog had disappeared!

We all looked at each other, horror on every face. We were on the edge of a fissure, and the dog had been swallowed up. Whose turn next?

The wind did not blow here, for we had descended very fast and were now not far from the timber line. We had all driven our pikes hard in the snow and fallen

on our knees, so as to be more certain of our hold, and were silent as the dead. Hark!

Away down, deep in the chasm, almost under us somewhere, we heard the poor dog calling for help. After a while, one of the guides answered him. The dog called back, so far off, so pitiful! This was repeated two or three times. But as the little brute seemed swallowed up forever, and as we lay there shivering on the brink and could not help him out, we obeyed the first law of nature, and cautiously crept back and around the ugly gorge. Soon we were once more safe with our horses, and drinking coffee by the warm fire as before.

We reached the city without further accident. But the very first thing the little cripple did on our return was to lift her pale face from her crutch and eagerly inquire for her dog. No one could answer. The parents exchanged glances. Then, for the first time, as the child still entreated for her pet, they seemed to realize their loss. They refused to tell her what had become of the dog at first. But, little by little, as we sat at dinner together, she got the whole truth. Then she left the table, crying as though her heart would break.

There was no dinner that day for any of us, after that. The father had strong, fresh horses brought, and on the next day we men, with the guides, set out to find the dog. At the last moment, as we mounted and were riding away, the child brought her little dog's basket, with its blue ribbons and its soft bed. For, as we assured her the dog would be found, she said he would be cold and sleepy, and so we should take his bed along.

On the first day we came to the chasm in the snow from the lower side. But had the dog not been drowned? Had he not perished from cold and hunger? We had brought a sort of trap—in fact, it was a large kind

of rat-trap. This we baited with a piece of roasted meat on the trigger. Would not the hungry little fellow enter the trap, tug at the bait, throw the trap, get caught and so be drawn up to the light, if still alive? We all heartily hoped so, at least.

Some of the shelving snow broke off and fell as we let the rope slide down with the trap. Then for the first time we heard the little rascal yelp.

I never saw a man so delighted as was that usually stolid and impassive Englishman. He could not stand still, but, handing the rope to his friend, he danced about, and shouted, and whistled, and sang to the dog away down there in his dark, ugly pit.

The dog answered back feebly. It was evident he was not in the best of spirits. Perhaps he was too feeble to even enter the trap. Anyway, he did not enter it.

We drew it up time and again, but no sign of the dog. The stout Englishman prepared himself to descend the pit. But when the guide explained the danger of the whole side shelving off, and imperilling the lives of others, as well as his own life, that last hope was abandoned.

The father of the little cripple, after all was packed up and ready for the return, picked up the basket with the blue ribbons and soft bed inside. He looked at it sadly. Tears were in his eyes. Should he take the basket back? The sight of it would only make the little cripple more sad. I could read all this in his face as he stood there irresolute, with the basket in his hand and tears streaming down his face. He at length made a motion as if to throw the little basket, with its blue ribbons and soft bed inside, down into the pit with the dog.

"No, we will let him have his little bed to die in in good shape. Here, fasten this on a rope, and lower it

down there where you last heard him cry," said the kind-hearted Englishman.

In a few moments one of the guides had unloosened a rope which he had packed up to take back; and the basket was soon being lowered into the dark pit, over the hanging wall of snow.

The dog began to whimper, to whine, then to bark as he had not barked that day.

As the basket struck the bottom it was caught as a fish-line is caught, and the rope almost jerked out of the hands of the guide.

The father of the little cripple clutched the rope from the guide, and drew it up hand over hand as fast as possible. Then the bright black eyes of the dog danced and laughed at him as he jerked the basket up over the treacherous wall of snow.

The poor shivering little fellow would not leave the basket. There he lay all the time as we hurried on down and mounted horse. The happy Englishman carried it back to the city on his arm. And he carried it carefully, too, as if it had been a basket of eggs and he on his way to market.

And the little girl? Well, now, it was worth all the work and bother we had to see her happy face as she came hobbling out on her crutch to take the little basket, with its blue border and the dog curled up in his bed inside.

II.

AN OLD OREGONIAN IN THE SNOW.

The high-born snow is on the hills ;
The snow is on the level lands ;
The snow arrests the hast'ning rills :
The snow enshrouds their icy hands.
And east or west, or high or low,
There gleams one shining sheen of snow.

I WAS once, when riding express, "snowed under" with a famous old pioneer in the great cañon that splits Camas Prairie in two and breaks the monotony of its vast levels.

A wild, unpeopled and unknown land it was then, but it has since been made immortal by the unavailing battles of Chief Joseph for the graves of his fathers.

Joe Meek ! The many books about him tell you he was a savage, buckskinned delegate to Congress from the unorganized territory of Oregon, who lived with the Indians. These statements are almost all untrue. His was a plain, pastoral nature, and he shunned strife and notoriety. He had none of Kit Carson's dash about him, none of Davy Crockett's daring, nor had he Fremont's culture and capacity for putting himself well before the world ; yet he ranked all these men both in the priority and the peril of his enterprises.

Indeed, before the chiefest of them was really heard of, he had called the people of the far Northwest together under the great pines by the sounding Oregon, and made solemn protest against the pretensions of England to that region. These settlers sent this man over the plains alone, a journey of more than half a year, to beg the President that they might be made or

remain a portion of the United States while most of the now famous mountaineers were yet at their mother's knee. I know no figure in our history that approaches his in grandeur except that of President Houston, of the Lone Star Republic. And yet you search in vain for his name among those who sat in our Capitol in those early days. Some say he arrived at Washington when Congress was not in session, and so did not present his credentials. Others say that he lost his papers on the way in one of his perilous passages of a stream. And then again I am told that he never had any credentials to present; that the territory had no official existence at that time, and as Congress had not then become an adept in coining States and Territories, the pioneers of the Oregon River gave him no authority to appear in Congress, but that his mission was entirely with the President.

But the spectacle of this man setting out in mid-winter to ride alone over an untracked distance of three thousand miles, the loyalty of this people, their peril from savages, as well as the cupidity of Great Britain, I count one of the finest on the page of pioneer history.

I suspect that his mission was fruitful of little, for he was, as new people came pouring in, quietly relegated to the background, and never afterward came conspicuously forward, save as an occasional leader in the wars against the Indians. But the undertaking and the accomplishment of this terrible journey alone ought to keep his memory green forever. And, indeed, had fate placed him in any other spot than isolated Oregon, he surely now would not be so nearly forgotten.

When gold was discovered in Idaho—or Id*a*ho, an Indian word meaning, in a broad sense, mountain of light—Joe Meek, now an old man, could not resist the tempta-

tion to leave his home in the woods of Oregon and again brave the plains.

But he was no longer in any great sense a conspicuous figure. He, so far from being a leader, was even laughed at by his own people, the Oregonians, the new, young people who had journeyed into the country after his work had been done—the old story of the ingratitude of republics. And if he was laughed at by the long-haired, lank and blanketed Oregonian, he was despised by the quick, trim, sharp and energetic Californian who had now overrun Oregon on his way to the new Eldorado.

I wonder if the world would believe the half that could be written of the coarseness, the lawlessness of these unorganized armies that surged up and down the Pacific coast in search of gold a quarter of a century ago? I know of nothing like these invasions in history since the days of the Goths and Vandals.

Two wild and strong streams of humanity, one from Oregon and the other from California, had flowed on inharmoniously, tumultuously, together on their way to the mines. On Camas Prairie winter swept suddenly over them, and there, down in the deep cañon that cleft the wide and wintry valley through the middle, this stream of life stopped, as a river that is frozen.

A hundred men, trying to escape the "blizzard," tumbled headlong into the cañon together, and took shelter there as best they could beside the great basalt that had tumbled from the high, steep cliffs of the cañon. They crept under the crags, anywhere to escape the bitter cold.

And how the Californian did despise the Oregonian! He named him the "webfoot" because his feet were moccasined and he came from the land of clouds and rain. The bitter enmity and the bad blood of Germany

and France were here displayed in epitome and in the worst form. A wonder, indeed, if there would not be some sort of tragedy played here before the storm was over.

The Oregonians wore long hair at that date. A pair of leggings and a blanket, with his head thrust through a hole in the centre, made his chief raiment. A tall, peaked hat, with a band about it something like the brigand of the stage, crowned his long, straight, and stringy hair. Sometimes he wore an old slouch hat; he was rarely without the blanket; he was never without the leggings.

The Californian wore the traditional red shirt in that day, with rarely an exception. He always wore a pistol, often two pistols, in the great leather belt, and a bowie-knife. He generally wore duck pantaloons, tucked inside of his great long-legged leather boots. If he was "on the shoot," or "come from the shoulder," a little investigation would in many cases disclose an extra pistol or two tucked down deep in these boots. And even whiskey bottles have been known to nestle there. He rarely wore a coat. The coat interfered with his locomotion, and he despised it. If he was cold he put on another shirt. And how he would howl at the long, lean, and silent Oregonian as he moved about in his moccasins and leggings, with his blanket tight about him and his hands quite hidden.

"Hello, webfoot," cried the Californian leader to old Joe Meek one day, "where's your hands? Come, show us your hands! Are you heeled?"

"Try me and see!"

The blanket flew back, two hands shot forward, and the garrulous and meddlesome Californian let the "webfoot" go, for he was "heeled."

We had but little wood here, and that was of the worst quality—willow—green and frozen. The little river gurgled and called plaintively for the first day or two as it struggled on and ground against its icy banks. But soon its lips were sealed, and the snow came down and covered the silent and dead waters as with a shroud.

The day after the little tilt between the Californian leader and quiet old Joe Meek, the Californians took occasion to walk up and down before his camp, and talk very loud and behave in a very insulting manner. The cañon was all on tiptoe. The men began to forget for a moment their miseries in the all-absorbing topic, the coming fight.

The blizzard only increased in terror. The mules and horses were freezing to death in their tracks on the snowy plateau above.

It was terrible, pitiful. Death was imminent for both man and beast. The Californians outnumbered the Oregonians ten to one. They had secured the only real shelter from the storm, a sort of cavern under the overhanging basaltic rocks, over which the snowy cyclone swept and left hanging huge masses of snow. The Californians were packed away like sardines, talking of the coming battle and firing the heart of their leader with hatred of the quiet old Oregonian, who, with his Indian sons, swung their half frozen arms or walked up and down in the vain effort to keep warm.

Suddenly the Californian came up to one of the Indian boys and slapped him in his face. There was a shout from the cave. The old man only turned, threw back his blanket, tapped a pistol, pointed up to the plateau, and said :

"Them ! Sunrise ! Thar !"

The Californian was startled. He could not say a

single word. He only nodded assent, and went back to his cave and his crowd. Never had duel been arranged so suddenly. He told his men, and they were wild, furious. A general battle was imminent.

Let us look at these silent, lean and despised Oregonians in their blankets. Comely they were not, nor graceful. They were not well read, nor had the eyes of the world been upon them, as on the Californians. But be it remembered that away back before California was at all known these Oregonians had met under the pines, and most emphatically, as well as ungrammatically, proclaimed that they were a part of the United States, and not of England. They had declared war against aggressive tribes, had raised an army, maintained it in the field, and finally had coined their own money out of their own gold, paid off that army, and proclaimed peace, all on their own account. Their coin was pure gold—not a particle of alloy. The beaver on the one side of their crude coin showed the quiet industry of her pastoral people. The sheaf of wheat on the other side showed that plenty should reward the husbandman. People like that are not to be despised.

Against this record the Californian had little to exhibit. He had washed down hills and led rivers over the mountains; he had contributed much to the metallic currency of the world, but he had done little else.

The storm went down with the sun, and now how bitter cold! The moon hung high and clear right overhead. The stars stood out and sparkled in the frost-like fire. The keen, cold wind swept the plain above and threatened to fill the cañon with snow. Wolves, that had eaten only the dead horses up to this time, now began to devour the weak and dying ones. There were enough wolves gathering about us, howling, fighting,

devouring our horses, to attack and eat us where we stood. But still the fight must go on. The deadly hatred must find some expression. Fortunate if it should end with this deadly duel just before us.

Clouds began to drive over the moon at midnight and stream away over toward Idaho to the east. The stars went out, as if the fierce wind had blown out the myriad lights of heaven. Then the snow began to fall again, thick and fast, massive, as the sombre Oregonians sat about their fire and talked of the coming duel. The group grew white as huddled flocks of sheep. Now and then a man would get up and shake himself, and the snow would slide off his shoulders in great avalanches. The fire began to perish under this incessant, unceasing dropping of snow. The snow simply possessed the world. The fire died out. It was dark, with a wild, a deadly darkness. They could not see each other's faces. When a man spoke it was as if some one called from deep down in a well. They groped about, feeling for each other. The Californians slept tranquilly and selfishly on in their cavern.

Snow above and snow below! The wolves howling from the hill. Snow that buried you, that lay on your shoulders like a burden, that loaded you down, that fastened upon you as if it had life and sense, and like a ghost that would never go away.

With the coming morning there came a sense of change. It was warm, warmer, sultry. The Chinook wind! But it was not light. There was only a dim, ghastly something in the air—the ghost of a dead day, and snow and snow and snow. Nothing but silence and snow!

I stop here as I write, and wonder if any one east of the Rocky Mountains knows what the "Chinook" wind

is? One writes at a disadvantage here. But the world is learning. Ten years ago it would not have known what a "blizzard" or a "cyclone" meant. It knows now.

Well, this Chinook wind is a hot cyclone that leaps up from the Gulf of California, caroms from mountain-top to mountain-top toward the north, till it suddenly and savagely takes possession of the coldest and bleakest spot on the continent. It comes when the cold reaches a climax. This hot Chinook wind is born of the freezing blizzard. It is the one thing that makes this vast North-west habitable. Stick a pin here and remember. This Chinook wind is the most remarkable and phenomenal thing in nature.

The Oregonians threw back their blankets, stood erect, and breathed free for the first time in all these deadly days. Puddles of water began to form at their feet. Little rivulets began to seek the frozen river in the cañon. The snow began to slip and slump in avalanches down the steep sides of the mountains. The Indian boys tightened their moccasins, and with the first sign of breaking day hurried away over the hill, pistols in hand, to look after their horses. The old pioneer calmly waited for sunrise. He stood alone by the dead firebrands.

Suddenly there was a great, dull shock. Thud! An avalanche! The whole mountain side of snow had slid into the cañon and carried with it the overhanging masses above the cavern.

The swelling river, thus suddenly brought to a standstill, began to plunge and fret and foam at his very feet. The Indian boys returned, and began to move their effects out of the cañon. They dropped their loads at the sound of a second avalanche which seemed to close the cavern, and looked at each other in the gray dawn. They were glad; wild with delight. They chuckled at

first; and then a yell—such a yell of pure satisfaction was never heard before.

Their father lifted his head, looked at them hard, and then plucking me after him, hurried down to the cavern's mouth.

The Californians were on their feet, falling over each other, dazed, confused, cursing, howling. The mouth of the cave was so closed by the snow that one had to stoop to enter.

They had thrown some pitch on the embers, and as it blazed up they stared at the apparition of the old man, who stood there in their midst, in their power, and almost alone. A little white rabbit, driven in by the swelling water, came huddling at his feet. "What have you come in here for?" cried the leader, clutching a pistol.

"To save you."

"What!" And the pistol was raised to a level.

The old man did not heed or answer. He stooped and picked up the terrified little white rabbit and held it kindly, as you would hold a kitten. The men looked at each other and then out at the booming flood, foaming at the door of the cavern, and dashing in the new dawn.

I turned and ran away and up toward our camp, for there was a cry of terror on every lip. The old man led them at a run, their guns in their hands, their blankets on their shoulders.

We reached the safe eminence where the Indian boys had made our new camp, and then old Colonel Joe Meek, turning to the Californian leader and pointing to the plateau beyond, said:

"Cap'n, it's sunrise."

"Colonel Joe Meek, I begs your parding. I'm licked!" cried the Californian, as he reached his hand in token of submission and peace.

III.

AT HOME.

My snow-topped towers crush the clouds
And break the still abode of stars,
Like sudden ghosts in snowy shrouds,
New broken through their earthly bars.

Sunny Ridge, Oregon, November 11. You who, having travelled far and in strange seas, come suddenly upon the flag of your country, may know something of the feeling that possesses the mountaineer as he nears home and gets the first sight of the snow-peaks which stand like mighty gates around it.

But I did not hasten home. No sister any more forever on the earth. No elder and abler brother to greet and to guide me. Yet I came home at last.

Home ! A little white house on a long, grassy ridge, crowned with trees that I had helped plant ; an Indian here and there, galloping across the broad, wild lands ; cattle lazily feeding along the bottoms, and a cloud of snowy lambs frisking about the farther hill-top. Then a tall young man comes out, and, with hand lifted to shade his eyes, looks down the lane ; for the coming of a stranger is an event here ; then he turns inside. Then a bowed, gentle old man, with a newspaper in his hand, only a little thinner than ten years ago ; then an old lady, wiping her glasses on her apron, only a little stouter than ten years ago. I leap from my horse, rush up the rose-bordered walk, and—home again. But we do not talk of the absent, nor seem to see the empty chairs at the table. . . . I must not talk of them here.

. . . We had built this little house together, with our own hands, years and years ago. Out yonder where the orchard is now, more than a quarter of a century ago we set the first ploughshare in the land so new from God's hand, that it seemed as hardly yet completed.

Up on yonder mountain, away up the steep Oregon Sierras, we cut down logs and rolled them for miles down the grassy slope, and made the first rails that ever crossed the old Indian trail running through this dooryard, that had held untroubled possession here for centuries.

We—my brother and I—were the first white persons, I think, that ever climbed these great mountain peaks up yonder in the Sierras to the east, and toward the vast unpeopled plains and wilderness. Between this little house here and these great mountains, there is no man's habitation till you journey East a thousand miles or two. Down these great steep mountains, the grizzly bear has come many a night and left his mighty footprint on the doorsill and all around the house while we slept. Brother and I named some of these peaks, and we have followed every little laughing mountain stream from its source of snow to the lakes and rivers beyond. We once cut our names on little trim-limbed saplings together, away out in the untrodden woods, and talked of the time when we should go out into the great world, win fortune and fame, and come back, and together seek out the saplings that were broadening into trees. We trapped the quail in the Indian trails together, and lay in ambush for the deer many a twilight night after the hard day's labor was done. All is over. The grass grows in the trail now. The quail pipes on untroubled.

FAREWELL.

O WHAT climbing plans of name,
Shining, battle-conquered fame,
In that first-felt sense of pride
When he gloried by my side
In the West-world, long ago—
Even so.

All is won. Yet what is won?
All we dared to dream is done.
Yet I had rather rest to-day
Where the wide-eyed rabbits play—
Rest as he rests, lone and low—
Even so.

Rather walk that grass-grown trail,
Peopled by the piping quail,
Leading to that lonely grave
Where forgotten grasses wave,
To mine own grave, than this show—
Even so.

Soft and low, soft and low
Let Sierras' sad winds blow ;
I am sad ; a strange bird blown
By the four winds from mine own ;
Blown and beaten to and fro—
Even so.

IV.

THE NEW AND THE OLD.

The careless and happy Indians who used to ride in a long bright line up and down the land and past the door, laughing at our little fence as they leaped their ponies over the few rails that cost us so much labor, now ride only on the ghostly clouds. There is not one left now in all the land.

The vast level valley before us at the base of this long and lonely ridge of flowers and fruit and sunny water, is a waving wheatfield now, and houses, little palaces of peace and refinement, even of splendor, dot the land as thick as stars in heaven at night under the strangely perfect skies. And the thousand square miles of hyacinth blossoms that made blue like the skies this whole valley for months together, have given place to a shield of gold on our mother's breast.

And so the world goes on. The wheels of progress have rolled over the graves of the pioneers and they are level as the fields of golden grain. And it is well. Even the marble tombs of the strange and strong new people—paving their way with gold where we came long ago with toil and peril—even these will be levelled, as our graves are levelled, and give place to others. The world is round. Let us look forward. Yet what is there that is lovely, what is there to love in this new tide of people pouring in upon us with their airs and their arrogance? They despise us and our primitive ways. Yet their hard examples give us little encouragement to abandon our ways and accept theirs.

Nothing ever happened so disastrous to the Pacific States as the building of the Pacific Railroad. It became at once a sort of syphon, which let in a stream of weak and worthless people, and gave the brave young States here all the vanities and vices of the East, with none of the virtues.

The isolation of this country, the valor, the virtues, and the unusual wealth of the people—all these gave it an elevation and splendor that no land in so short a time ever attained. Even the literature began to have a flavor and individuality all its own. But all this became neutralized, passed away and perished, when men came and went so easily to and from the Pacific States.

Monopolists came and laid hands on the lands, the mines, the cattle—indeed, all things ; and made, or attempted to make the men, gray and grizzled old pioneers, hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Even our seaport, which ought to be a great commercial city, is sick and gloomy and sad. She looks like a ship at half-mast.

It is not the immigration of Chinamen ; for the Chinaman is not in any sense of the word an immigrant. He does not come to stay. I think it would be much better for the country if he did. If the Chinese could be treated so that their better class would come, and bring money, and remain, instead of having their laborers only come, to get hold of a few dollars and then return, I think the Chinese question would be satisfactorily solved.

But the real trouble began in gambling. When the railroad brought Wall Street it brought that which was tenfold more fatal than any plague ever brought us from an infected port. This spirit of speculation led honest men from their work in the mines to the cities. Nine

men out of ten of them perished—either financially, morally, or physically. Perhaps the tenth man—the coarsest, the grossest, and hardest—held out, got hold of millions, and became a king.

But Oregon proper is a sort of nut—a nut with a sweet, rich kernel, but also with a bitter bark and rind—through which you have to gnaw in order to reach the kernel. Portland is the bark or rind. The rich heart of the richest young State in the Union lies nearly two hundred miles in the interior. Portland sits at the sea-door—the very gates of the State—taking toll of him that comes and him that goes. The Orient has met the Occident here in this westmost town. One of these new men, a speculator in town lots and land, who was clad in a slouch hat and enormous mud-boots reaching almost to the knees, approached me in Portland. He carried an umbrella thrust up under his arm, while his two fore-fingers hooked and wrestled resolutely together as he stood before me. He chewed tobacco violently, and now and then fired a brown stream far up and down the new pine sidewalk.

"Can't you put this city into poetry? Yes, you kin. What's poetry good for, if it can't rize the price of land? Jist tell 'em we never had a shake. Yes, an' tell 'em that the old men never die; but jist git kivered with moss and blow away. An' tell 'em—yes, tell 'em that the timber grows so tall that it takes a man an' two small boys to see to the top of a tree! Yes, an' tell 'em that we have to tie poles to the cows' horns, to let the wrinkles run out on. Yes, biggest country, richest country an' dogondest healthiest country this side of Jericho! Yes, it is."

Drip! drip! drip! The rain put a stop to the man's speech. But he shall not be forgotten, for I had

sketched him, from his prodigious boots to the very tobacco-stained beard, long before he gave his last testimony of the health and wealth of his chosen home.

Drip ! drip ! drip ! Slop ! slop ! slop ! incessantly and all the time, for an uninterrupted half a year, here in this mossy, mouldy town of Portland. Rain ! rain ! rain ! until the trees grow out of the cracks and roofs of the houses, and until, tradition says, Mother Nature comes to the aid of the inhabitants and makes them web-footed, like the water-fowl. And even then, and in the face of all this, this man stood up before me with the water fairly bending his umbrella from the weight of the rain—the rain running down his nose, his head, his hair—and there he smilingly bowed and protested that it did not really rain much in Portland ; but that down about the mouth of the Columbia, at Astoria, it did "sometimes rain a-right smart."

No, I don't like the new money-getting strangers. But the pioneers here were giants. Look at a piece of their gold ! These men fashioned their own coin, as no other part of this Republic ever did. They coined it out of pure gold, without alloy, and stamped on its face the figure of a beaver and sheaves of wheat, the signs of industry and plenty. Its device of toil and harvest heralded it. Its intrinsic worth and solid value placed it above the need of any other indorsement. The wars, the trials, and the achievements of these men mark a shining bit of history. There is nothing nobler in the annals of the bravest and oldest States in the Union than the achievements of this State of Oregon.

V.

FISHING IN OREGON WATERS.

An Indian summer-time it was, long past,
We lay on this Columbia, far below
The stormy waterfalls, and God had cast
Us heaven's stillness. Dreamily and slow
We drifted as the light bark chose to go.
An Indian girl with ornaments of shell
Began to sing . . . . The stars may hold such flow
Of hair, such eyes, but rarely earth. There fell
A sweet enchantment that possess'd me as a spell.

Oregon is the fishing man's paradise. But, like all other places that are so desirable, even like the real Paradise, the places for trout-fishing are far away and hard to reach. But I want you to go up into the Oregon Sierras with me, after we have looked in upon the fisheries, or rather "butcheries," down about the sea.

Fishing is carried on at Astoria and above there, near the mouth of this noble river, to an extent that is alarming, not to say revolting. Hundreds of tons are shipped to the four parts of the world from here every year. And still the dreadful butchery goes on, without any comment or interference from either State or Federal authorities.

A walk through one of the twenty or more canneries here is anything but desirable. It looks too much like a slaughter-yard. Great shining fish are piled up like cord-wood right and left, waiting the Chinamen and other fish-choppers to cut them up for the cans. Indians are coming in and up the ladders from out the water, like old Neptune climbing the side of the ship as it

crosses the line. They are loaded down with fish, which they have taken with the spear. This spear is entirely of Indian workmanship and invention. The shaft or beam is at least twenty feet in length, yet scarcely thicker than a man's finger. It is made of fir-wood, and is very tough and durable. It has a forked or double point. These points are made of bone. The bone has a hole in the middle. In this hole a string is fastened at one end ; the other end of the string is attached to the shaft or beam of the spear. The several loose inches of the string are wound tightly about the shaft. The bone point of the spear is hollowed out at the heel and fitted in and over the dull wooden point of the spear, so that when this is driven through the fish the little bone point loosens, comes off, turns crosswise on the farther side of the fish, and leaves the poor salmon floundering in the water, with a string through his body. And, pierced in this way, they never escape. The Indian's simple device never breaks or fails him in any way. When he has pierced his fish, you may see his bright black eyes glow just a little brighter, and his hands may tighten a little on the spear ; but he does not move or show the least concern. The salmon bleeds profusely from the spear-wounds through his body, and also from the mouth ; but his struggles are short and few. Soon he is pulled to the shore, where the squaw, who is all the time crouched down by the side of her spouse, dispatches him promptly with a club, by blows on the head. Not a word is spoken all this time by either party. She now takes the dead salmon from off the points of the spear, adjusts and arranges the bones and string, that form the head of the spear, and again it is buried in the deep, clear water, by the cunning hand of her husband, to wait the approach of another bright and unsuspecting salmon.

When they have taken a load, which does not require long, they step into their canoe, and either dart away for their lodge up the river, where the salmon are artistically unrolled, as it were by a knife, almost as you would unroll a blanket, and so dried for the winter, or they glide across the river, and sell their "take" of fish at the cannery.

The Oregonian is not a fisherman. Whether he is too practical, too serious, indeed, too tender-hearted, or too indolent, I do not know. I am firmly persuaded, however, that it is not because he is too industrious to fish. I should rather say it is because he is surfeited with the very abundance of fish and the facility with which fish are taken in that country. For the seine competes with the spear. "You jist have to stop your steamboats, as I did about twenty years ago for a whole half a day, to let the salmon pass! Fact, sir! Swear to it, sir! Couldn't work the paddles, sir, for half a day at a time —fish so thick in the river."

The old steamboat captain measured the width of the pine-board sidewalk over his right shoulder with a stream of tobacco juice, as he finished saying this, and looked at me as if he dared me to doubt him. But I did not doubt him. Whatever others may say or do, I believe he was telling the cold, frozen truth.

"Go a-fishing! I git enough of fish, I do, in that ere steamboat. Why, when salmon time comes, and from that time on till frost comes, I've got to keep my steamboat right square in the middle of the river and a half a mile from the bank, or the stench of the dead salmon will drive every passenger off the boat. Fact, sir! Swear to it! Go a-fishin'! Phew!"

The grizzled old captain's mustache went up under his nose and his nose went up into the air, as he jerked

his cap on to his great big bald head and hurried off down the street to his steamboat.

And now we will go to Summit Lake ; a pleasant memory I have of the summer there, for we of Sunny Ridge were all together there, a happy, unbroken family. This lake lies immediately on the summit of the mountains that divide Eastern from Western Oregon, and is for the most part of the year buried in ice and snow. It is as wild and fresh as an undiscovered country, for rarely either white or red men disturb the stillness of its densely wooded shores. This lake was formed ages ago by a mountain sliding down and damming up the headwaters of the Willamette River. This formed a lake several miles in length, nearly a mile in width, and of fearful depth. The great forest growing at the time of the avalanche or slide was buried in the new lake, and by some remarkable chemical action of the water the trees were petrified ; so that, as you row your boat about the lake, you look down into the singularly clear waters and behold a forest beneath you. Indeed, your boat sometimes scrapes the tops of great trees that have been turned to stone, yet stand erect and almost perfect in bough and branch. By the side of this beautiful lake, after two days' hard ride from Salem, the capital of Oregon, we pitched tent. The horses were turned out to graze in the low grass-bottoms that border the lake, and weary as they were, had no disposition to return to the great fertile valley that flashed its yellow fields of grain far, far below. Snow-peaks rose before us and to the right and left out of the black forests, and, shining in the sunset, they seemed to be almost within reach. As the sun went down, we drew on our overcoats and drew closer to the great roaring and crackling fir-wood fire. One of our party had thrown in a line

from the shore, and another had taken an ineffectual shot at a big buck, that sniffed the smoke of our camp fire and came poking his brown nose through the brush to see, but for all that we ate our supper without either meat or fish.

Early next morning, even before the musical mosquito was abroad, our camp-fire blazed brightly up and the flames reached for the fragrant fir-boughs above. The horses had retreated to a dense wood hard by to escape the mosquitoes, and were drowsily dropping their heads in their morning nap as the day dawned.

Leaving one of our party up to his elbows in the dough, we were determined to have fish, fowl, or meat for breakfast, and we equipped accordingly.

We were soon wet to the waist, for everything was dripping with dew. We threw a line from the shore now and then ; but not so much as a minnow deigned to notice our worms, flies, spoons, or any of the many kinds of enticing bait we had to offer.

We found where the beaver had cut down some small trees with their teeth, and at last came upon some fresh signs of an Indian tomahawk. Then we found a deserted Indian camp, the first signs of man we had seen. Leaving this and hugging a curve in the lake, we found in the tall reeds and tules, just around the curve of the lake, a fine Indian canoe, in an excellent state of preservation. Taking possession of this, we pushed out into the middle of the lake and near to a little group of islands. As the sun came pointing his bright, rosy fingers at us through the pines that hang over the eastern bank of the lake, we dropped our lines over the side.

Splash ! Clash ! Snap ! The fish almost leaped into the boat. Never were men more startled or more nearly thrown from a canoe. And the fish were game to the

last, and we landed them only after an awkward struggle ; for a canoe is not exactly the best footing for zealous fishermen to stand upon.

You may go to the girdle of the earth, and you will find no fish equal to these here in this head-lake of the Willamette River, in Oregon, either in beauty or flavor. They are the color of old gold, spotted, and, indeed, shaped like brook trout, and are from fifteen to twenty-four inches long. The meat is red.

We now drove our canoe between two jutting rocks of the island, where we were in no danger of upsetting, and fell to fishing in earnest. The great trouble we found to be in taking the fish from the hook. At length one party laid down his line and devoted himself entirely to taking the fish from my hook as the other drew them up. This kept us both busy.

Leaning over from the canoe and letting my line fall, I could see the petrified forest beneath me. We were literally fishing in the tree-tops.

We were drawing in fish there in the flashing morning sunlight, on the rosy summit of the Oregon Sierras, that looked like bars of gold !

In less than an hour the bottom of our canoe began to be inconveniently slippery, from the great number of fish taken ; and we pulled in for camp.

We feasted like giants. The long walk, labor, and the clear, cold mountain air gave us license for that ; and then the flavor of these golden trout, drawn from the cold snow water—it was beyond any kind of comparison. We cooked them in all ways known to cook-books. We baked them on the hot rocks of our camp-fire ; we buried them in the hot embers, enveloped in grass and tule, and found them in any way the most excellent fish in the world.

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Nor is this the only kind of fish to be taken from this lake. There is also another, what may be called a new species. It is a larger and still stronger fish, which keeps deep down in the water. It is spotted also, but is not so golden, and one not familiar with the ways of fish would call it a trout. I do not know what name learned men have given it. Indeed, I doubt if science knows anything about it as yet. It is found in the McCloud River, Northern California, and the men in charge of the United States fishery there have now a few specimens, taken at great cost and labor. But the name and nature of the first-mentioned fish I feel sure is not at all known to the world. In fact, the second-named species can only be found in few places, for it dies if taken from the ice-cold water and placed where the sun falls on the surface of the stream. At least, this is the experience of those connected with the fishery above-named, where neither money nor pains have been spared to preserve this fish. The only name I know for it is the Indian name, "Wy-li-di-ket," and the common name of "Doll Varden," given it by the employés of the Government at the fishery.

We found the brook trout here, also, in the bright little streams that brawled and tumbled into the singular lake.

VI.

THE NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

You hear the Pacific Ocean thundering away yonder across the Coast Range to the west? It is the wildest sea in the world, and is never still.

> "On seas full of wonder and peril,
> Blown white round the capes of the North."

All the time these melodious lines ring and rhyme on in the ear as you climb up the north seas, toward Alaska, from the Bay of San Francisco, under the snow-peaks of Oregon. There is a line of great white foam tossed up against the rocky shore to the right, even on the stillest day, and you hear the eternal thunder of these stormiest of seas breaking on the beach all the time, though your ship may be many miles away from the wild and savage shore.

The clearest and brightest water in the world! It is blue almost to blackness. The albatross, found all the way on the voyage to China, droops lazily about the ship, while the porpoise tumbles in the water everywhere. The seas are not populous with sail, and you may voyage up the coast all day and not sight a single vessel. But the waters are strangely full of life, and some days you will see a hundred whales making fountains in this great untraversed sea.

Pacific Ocean! Yes, perhaps it is, where Balboa sighted it, from the peaks of Darien, a thousand or two miles away down the southern coast. But here, on the coast of Oregon, it is simply terrible. No ship dares ap-

proach the shore, for the land, like the sea here, is savage too.

The skeletons of many ships lie along this Oregon coast, and many dead men are in these seas.

Sea-bathing is not to be thought of; the waters are too cold for that; but even were they of a tolerable temperature, a man would enter them from the shore at the risk of his life.

Many years ago a party of young men, intent partly on pleasure and partly on making discoveries on the then almost unknown sea-shore, crossed the Coast Range on horseback, and, emerging from the steep, deep woods, they found themselves for the first time by the waters of the great Pacific Ocean. In a spirit of banter and merriment they urged their horses into the breakers. A moment later a great wave struck them, overthrew them, ground them against the rocky shore, and they perished.

Not very long since a lady walked down to the sea-shore near Cape Blanco, with some friends. While standing on a log of drift-wood, watching the waves, a breaker overthrew the party and the lady was drowned.

The high, white headland of Cape Blanco, lifting a wooded front boldly toward China, is the westmost inhabited limit of the Great Republic. No other point of land in the Union, boasting flocks and cottages, reaches so far west as Cape Blanco in Oregon.

For hundreds of miles here you sail along under one great black range of snow-tipped mountains, that sit with their feet in the sea and their faces in the clouds. So that Oregon, while she has a broad sea-border, is almost as effectually shut out from the sea as if she lay a thousand miles inland. This great black wall stretches the whole length of Oregon. It is crossed, with two or three exceptions, only by dim and difficult trails. The

splendid fertile valleys of Oregon, capable of feeding the world, lie many miles from the sea, and the farmer, as he swings his scythe at harvest, may hear the thunder of the sea, and feel its breezes in his face ; but he can reach it, as a rule, only by way of Portland and the Columbia River, hundreds of miles away.

True, a thin line of settlements hug the coast, cling to the rocks and steep hillsides that slope into the sea, and the men dig gold, cut timber, and keep up a war with the wild beasts that dispute possession with them ; but they make up but a small portion of the State's population.

And yet these hardy settlers deserve something better said of them than this. Splendid old sea-dogs they are, most of them. Not slip-shod Missourians, with dogs and deer-skins under their feet as they enter ; but old fellows from Maine, from Massachusetts, who, weary of the sea, yet not having heart to leave their first love, and, finding homes to be had for the taking, have settled here to end their days in solitude and, let us hope, in plenty and in peace. It is pleasant to pick out their scattered cottages from the ship, with a glass, as you pass on under the Oregon snow-peaks ; to see their few flocks on the steep mountain-sides above, the dense black timber still above, then rocky limits of the cloud and snow-crowned summits.

Bachelors they are chiefly, or, at least, the old fellows live without the presence of women, as a rule, and keep all their secrets to themselves. When we landed to take coal, I ventured to ask one, Captain Jimmy Wilson (they are all captains) if he had never been married. He took his short-stemmed pipe from between his teeth ; rocked himself forward till his crossed arms lay across his knees; and then, grinning broadly and almost shutting his eyes,

and shutting his mouth very firmly, as if he was afraid he might say one little word, he only grinned at me. Then he passed his broad and brawny left hand over his great shock of gray hair, and then down over his stout shaven chin; but never a word said Captain Jimmy Wilson on this subject. Soon he remarked, as he jerked his head toward the ship, that he thought it was "going to blow," and he arose and, hitching up his pants, sauntered away, with a great, deep sigh. Then I knew perfectly well that this old son of Neptune had a three-volumed novel stored away in that hairy, half-opened breast of his.

VII.

"IDAHHO."

The name of the great north western gold-fields, comprising Montana and Idaho, was originally spelled I-*dah*-ho, with the accent thrown heavily on the second syllable. The word is perhaps of Shoshonee derivation, but it is found in some similar form, and with the same significance, among all Indians west of the Rocky Mountains. The Nez Percé Indians, in whose country the great black and white mountain lies which first induced the white man to the use of this name, are responsible for its application to the region of the far North-West.

The literal meaning is, "sunrise mountains." Indian children among all tribes west of the Rocky Mountains,

so far as I can learn, use the word to signify the place where the sun comes from. Where these tawny people live out of doors, go to bed at dusk, and rise with the first break of day, sunrise is much to them. The place where the sun comes from is a place of marvel to the children; and, indeed, it is a sort of dial-plate to every village or ranchrea, and of consequence to all. The Shoshonee Indians, the true Bedouins of the American desert, hold the mountain where the first burst of dawn is discovered in peculiar reverence.

This roving and treacherous tribe of perfect savages, stretching from the Rocky Mountains almost to the Sierras, having no real habitation, or any regard for the habitation of others, but often invading and overlapping the lands of fellow-savages, had some gentle sentiments about sunrise. "Idahho" with them was a sacred place; and they clothed the Rocky Mountains, where the sun rose to them, with a mystic or rather a mythological sanctity.

The Shasta Indians, with whom I spent the best years of my youth, and whose language and traditions I know entirely, as well as those of their neighbors to the north of them, the Modocs, always, whether in camp or in winter quarters, had an "Idahho," or place for the sun to rise. This was a sort of Mecca in the skies, to which every Indian lifted his face involuntarily on rising from his rest. I am not prepared to say that the act had any special religion in it. I only assert that it was always done, and done silently, and almost, if not entirely, reverently.

Yet it must be remembered that this was a very practical affair nearly always and with all Indians. The war-path, the hunt, the journey—all these pursuits entered almost daily into the Indian's life, and of course the first

thing to be thought of in the morning was "Idahho." Was the day to open propitiously? Was it to be fair or stormy weather for the work in hand?

But I despair of impressing the importance of sunrise on those who rarely witness it, although to the Indian it is everything. And that is why every tribe in the mountains, wherever it was, and whatever its object in hand, had a Mount "Idahho." This word, notwithstanding its beauty and pictorial significance, found no place in our books till some twenty-one years ago, and then only in an abbreviated and unmeaning form.

Indeed, all Indian dialects, except the "Chinook," a conglomerate published by the Hudson Bay Company for their own purposes, and adopted by the missionaries, seem to have always been entirely ignored and unknown throughout the North Pacific territory. This "Chinook" answered all purposes. It was a sort of universal jargon, was the only dialect in which the Bible was printed, or that had a dictionary, and no one seemed to care to dig beyond it.

And so it was that this worthless and unmeaning "Chinook" jargon overlaid and buried our beautiful names and traditions. They were left to perish with the perishing people; so that now, instead of soft and alliterative names, with pretty meanings and traditions, we have for the most sublime mountains to be seen on earth (those of the Oregon Sierras, miscalled the Cascade Mountains) such outlandish and senseless and inappropriate appellations as Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson, Mount Washington, and Mount Raineer. Changing the name of the Oregon River, however, to that of the Columbia, is an impertinence that can plead no excuse but the bad taste of those perpetrating the folly. The mighty Shoshonee River, with its thousand miles of sand and

lava beds, is being changed by these same map-makers to that of Lewis and Clarke River.

When we consider the lawless character of the roving Bedouins who once peopled this region, how snake-like and treacherous they were as they stole through the grasses and left no sign, surely we should allow this sinuous, impetuous, and savage river to bear the name which it would almost seem nature gave it, for Shoshonee is the Indian name for serpent. How appropriate for this river and its once dreaded people!

The dominion of this tribe departed with the discovery of gold on a tributary of the Shoshonee River in 1860. The thousands who poured over this vast country on their way to the new gold-fields of the north swept them away almost entirely. Up to this time they had only the almost helpless and wholly exhausted immigrant to encounter, with now and then a brush with soldiers sent out to avenge some massacre. But this tribe perished, as I have said, before the Californians, and to-day it is not; except as one of the broken and dispirited remnants familiar to the wretched reservations scattered over the vast far West.

Captain Pierce, the discoverer of gold in the north, located "Pierce City" on the site of his discovery, in the dense wood away up in the wild spurs of the Bitter Root Mountains, about fifty miles from the Shoshonee River. Then "Orofino City" sprang up. Then "Elk City" was laid out. But the "cities" did not flourish. Indeed, all these "cities" were only laid out to be buried. The gold was scarce and hard to get at, and the mighty flood of miners that had overrun everything to reach the new mines began to set back in a refluent tide.

On the site of the earthworks thrown up by Lewis and Clarke, who wintered on the banks of the Shoshonee

River in 1803–04, the adventurous miners had founded a fourth and more imposing city, as they passed on their way to the mines. This they called Lewiston. It was at the head of steamboat navigation on the Shoshonee, and promised well. I remember it as an array of miles and miles of tents in the spring. In the fall, as the tide went out, there were left only a few strips of tattered canvas flapping in the wind. Here and there stood a few "shake shanties," against which little pebbles rattled in a perpetual fusillade as they were driven by the winds that howled down the swift and barren Shoshonee.

"It oughter be a gold-bearin' country," said a ragged miner, as he stood with hands in pockets shivering on the banks of the desolate river, looking wistfully away toward California; "it oughter be a gold-bearin' country, 'cause it's fit for nothin' else; wouldn't even grow grasshoppers."

I had left California before this rush, settled down, and been admitted to the bar by ex-Attorney-General George H. Williams, then Judge, of Oregon, and had now come, with one law-book and two six-shooters, to offer my services in the capacity of advocate to the miners. Law not being in demand, I threw away my book, bought a horse, and rode express. But even this had to be abandoned, and I, too, was being borne out with the receding tide.

Suddenly it began to be rumored that farther up the Shoshonee, and beyond a great black-white mountain, a party of miners who had attempted to cross this ugly range, and got lost, had found gold in deposits that even exceeded the palmy days of "'49."

Colonel Craig, an old pioneer, who had married an Indian woman and raised a family here, proposed to set out for the new mine. The old man had long since,

through his Indians, heard of gold in this black mountain, and he was ready to believe this rumor in all its extravagance. He was rich in horses, a good man—a great-brained man, in fact—who always had his pockets full of papers, reminding one of Kit Carson in this respect; and, indeed, it was his constant thirst for news that drew him toward the "expressman," and made him his friend.

I gladly accepted his offer of a fresh horse, and the privilege of making one of his party. For reasons sufficient to the old mountaineer, we set out at night, and climbed and crossed Craig's Mountain, sparsely set with pines and covered with rich brown grass, by moonlight. As we approached the edge of Camas Prairie, then a land almost unknown, but now made famous by the battle-fields of Chief Joseph, we could see through the open pines a faint far light on the great black and white mountain beyond the valley. "Idahho!" shouted our Indian guide in the lead, as he looked back and pointed to the break of dawn on the mountain before us. "That shall be the name of the new mines," said Colonel Craig quietly, as he rode by his side.

The exclamation, its significance, the occasion, and all, conspired to excite deep pleasure, for I had already written something on this name and its poetical import, and made a sort of glossary embracing eleven dialects.

Looking over this little glossary now, I note that the root of the exclamation is *dah!* The Shasta word is *Pou-dah-ho!* The Klamath is *Num-dah-ho!* The Modoc is *Lo-dah!* and so on. Strangely like "Look there!" or "Lo, light!" is this exclamation, and with precisely that meaning.

I do not know whether this Indian guide was Nez

Percé, Shoshonee, Cayuse, or from one of the many other tribes that had met and melted into this half-civilized people first named. Neither can I say certainly at this remote day whether he applied the word "Idahho" to the mountain as a permanent and established name, or used the word to point the approach of dawn. But I do know that this mountain that had become famous in a night, and was now the objective point of ten thousand pilgrims, became at once known to the world as Idahho.

Passing by the Indians' corn-fields and herds of cattle and horses, we soon crossed the Camas Valley. Here, hugging the ragged base of the mountain, we struck the stormy and craggy Salmon River, a tributary of the Shoshonee, and found ourselves in the heart of the civilized and prosperous Nez Percés' habitations. Ten miles of this tortuous and ragged stream and our guide led up the steep and stupendous mountain toward which all the prospectors were now journeying. At first it was open pines and grass, then stunted fir and tamarack, then broken lava and manzanita, then the summit and snow.

A slight descent into a broad flat basin, dark with a dense growth of spruce, with here and there a beautiful little meadow of tall marsh grass, and we were in the mines—the first really rich gold-mines that had as yet ever been found outside of California.

"Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold *where they fine it*," says the Bible—meaning that the only certain place to look for gold is where they refine it. Certainly the text never had a more apt illustration than here; for of all places for gold in the wide world this seemed the most unlikely. The old Californian miners who came pouring in after us, almost before we had pitched tent, were disgusted. "Nobody but a

parcel of fools would ever have found gold here," said one, with a sneer at the long-haired Oregonian who had got lost and found the new mines. But the wheat-like grains of gold were there, and in such heaps as had never been found even in California; and so accessible—only a few inches under the turf or peat in the little meadows and little blind gulches here and there in this great black, bleak, and wintry basin that had never yet been peopled since it came fresh from the Creator's hand.

In less than a week the black basin was white with tents. Our party located a "city" where we first pitched tent, with the express office for a nucleus. Look at your map, tracing up from Lewiston over Craig's Mountain and Camas Prairie, and you will find "Millersburg," looking as big on the map as any town in the West. Yet it did not live even the winter through. A man soon came with a family of daughters, Dr. Furber, an author of some note at the time, and settled a half mile farther on. My "city" went with and clustered about the ladies. The doctor named the rival "city" after his eldest daughter, Florence. It flourished in the now falling snow like a bay, and was at one time the capital of the Territory. There is little of it left now, however, but the populous graveyard.

And alas for the soft Indian name! The bluff miner, with his swift speech and love of brevity, soon cut the name of the new mines down to "Idao." And so when the new gold-fields widened out during a winter of unexampled hardship and endurance into "Warren's Diggin's," "Boise City," "Bannock City," and so on, and the new Territory took upon itself a name and had a place on the map of the Republic, that name was plain,

simple, and senseless Idaho. Should any one concerned in the preservation of our native and beautiful names care to know more particularly the facts here sketched, let him address Colonel Craig, of Craig's Mountain, Idaho, a well-read and the best-informed man on the subject to be found in the far West ; and he is the man who found and named I-*dah*-ho.

She sits forever in the sun,
Her gold-ribbed walls half gird her round;
About her feet her black herds run,
The tawny plains are her playground.
The air rings clear as clear church bell
That you may see her, see her well.

Before her silver gates in siege
An hundred thousand soldiers' tents!
What valiant loyalty and liege
To Fortune on her battlements!
Oh, never was there siege of old
Like this against her walls of gold!

The Crusades knew not braver Knight
Than these brave men before her walls;
The noblest in the old-time fight
Matched not the humblest here that falls.
And never were there worn such scars
As these won in these nobler wars.

These bloodless wars, that bring not pain;
These priceless victories of Peace,
Where Pride is slain, where Self is slain,
Where Patience hath her victories;
Where, when at last the gates are down,
You have not burned, but built a town.

IV.

IN COLORADO.

I.

THE COL. BILL WILLIAMS MINE.

They had struck it at Boulder. The "Col. Bill Williams Mine" up Boulder Cañon was said to be richer than the Comstock. Californians forsook ranches, mines, and vineyards, and poured like a torrent from the West into Denver. At Denver this tide met a like stream from the East. These streams united and flowed on together into Boulder Cañon.

The writer was borne in on the crest of this flood tide and reached the famous "Col. Bill Williams Mine" at twilight, when the colonel had gone to his supper, and his men were busy lighting the pine torches and knots that hung about the mine, preparatory to setting the miners at work in the shaft for the night.

The mine was situated on a little flat in the great cañon, just under the hotel and the few other houses that made up the town on one side of the cañon, and the savage cliffs that looked down from the other.

An hour later, when the now famous mine was in operation, there were to be seen a creaking derrick, with ropes enough to rig a ship, a shaft, with men passing up

and down, dripping and muddy, and talking mysteriously and wagging their heads at each other, as if down there they had come upon the hidden and awful secrets of the earth ; while over all, the blazing pine knots shed a wild and gorgeous light

Close by the side of this shaft an enterprising red-headed man, called " Ginger," had established a bar for the benefit of the dripping and mysterious men who kept climbing up and down the shaft. An awning of canvas covered the few bottles that stood on the rough boards constituting this " bar ;" and behind the derrick, which was kept busy hoisting rocks and buckets of earth from out the shaft, there was piled up as high as a man's head a ragged wall of quartz and granite. Through this there was an open pass or gate-way, by which people entered who wished to see the new discovery, the great " Col. Bill Williams Mine."

Standing there, and out a little from the light of the flaming torches, a thousand camp-fires could be seen. The whole face of the Rockies seemed to be illuminated. The host that had poured in from the four parts of the world were camped before the mighty citadel of Fortune as in a siege. Looking up this cañon and on and up the mountains into heaven, it was difficult to say where the camp-fires left off and the stars began.

The men kept coming up and going down this shaft so busily that a stranger, or one not used to mines and miners, would have said there were at least a thousand brave and stalwart men down there. But an old Californian would at once have detected that there was something singularly superficial in this, and, indeed, in all the appointments of the place. He would have noticed, too, that the men saluted the barkeeper familiarly, and drank with suspicious regularity.

From the rocky side of the cañon opposite the little town you could sometimes hear the call of the coyote, and the old trapper, "Rocky Mountain Kit," a wreck and a relic who had been attracted to the new mine by the thirst for whiskey rather than gold, straightened up, and once or twice leaned with his hand to his ear to listen. "It mout be wolves, and it mout be Injuns," muttered the half-doubled old man as he hobbled away from the bar, where he had sandwiched himself in between two muddy miners, and so had succeeded in including himself in the treat.

Suddenly there was a ripple of delight. The red-headed barkeeper ran his two hands up through his flaming hair till it shot up like one of the pine-knots blazing about him. The miners hastened down into the mine. Old Rocky Mountain Kit undoubled himself, as if he were a rusty old jack-knife, and smacked his parched lips. The pine-torches and pine knots that burned on every hand seemed to glow and burn with brighter flame. Colonel Bill Williams had come booming through the narrow rocky pass in the wall!

A magnificent specimen of physical manhood he was. Tall, strong, broad-breasted, bearded like a prophet, black-eyed, and altogether impressive, he stood before his followers there the acknowledged king of the new mining camp. He had a small, feeble, and unpretentious partner with a stoop in his shoulder, a squint in his eye, and a crack in his shrill, piping voice. This little man's name was Doctor Baggs. The doctor seemed to have been waiting for the coming of the colonel too, for as soon as he made his appearance he ceased to seem longer one of the shapeless and dirty rocks that had made a part of the wall, and came briskly forward.

The great, strong arm of the colonel swooped out and

took in the neck of the little doctor, as if it were by chance, and with his broad hat pushed back from his brow he strode, without a word, past the mouth of the shaft to the bar. He leaned against the rough boards a moment, and then releasing the neck from his elbow he turned with his back to the wall. Still disdaining a single word, he made another gesture with his arm and swooped in every one, strangers and all, who stood within the light of the pine knots and torches that flamed behind, before, right and left, and above.

When all had drunk, and the crowd had melted away, the doctor—who was really a doctor, at least by practice and profession—handed his pill-bags to Ginger, and stood looking up, respectful and expectant, at the face of the bearded leader, from under his glasses, as the giant still loafed against the bar.

A low chuckle of delight reached the ears of the doctor from the black beard, and then the satisfied face of Colonel Bill Williams beamed above him, like the sun through a rift of clouds, as a broad hand descended and covered the narrow shoulders of the doctor with a force that knocked a cloud of Colorado dust from his old threadbare broadcloth.

"Well, Dock, old pard, he's a-comin'. Yes, he is, a-comin' to buy our mine. And if I don't sell out to that old duffer this time and see Maine and Maria again, and with a boot-leg full o' gold-dust too, I'm a Dutchman!"

"You seed him, Colonel Bill? Seed the old English lord?"

"No, no, no; I didn't see him, Dock. I never seed a real live English lord in my hull life. No, but Snagly went into the hotel up thar, and seed him for me. Snagly, the Injun agent; Ginger, you know him; pard

of yours, eh? Well, he's smart. Gosh, all over. But can't he talk! You can't get a word in edgeways where Snagly is. And can't he lie, though; been a member of Congress; oh, can't he lie, though!"

Hereupon "Rocky Mountain Kit" creaked out:

"And how do you know the old English lord has come to Colorado to buy a mine?"

"How do I know he's come to Colorado to buy a mine? What else do these big bugs come to Colorado for? You don't s'pose a feller comes to Colorado for fun, do you?"

"Come to Colorado to buy a mine, or else to be doctored. Every human bein' that comes to Colorado comes to buy a mine or comes to be doctored for his health, don't he?" spoke up the little doctor sharply.

There was a pause here, and the great leader looked first at the steady stream of men pouring up and down the shaft with the regularity of little meal-buckets in a great mill, and then at the doorway in the wall of rocks, as if expecting some one. At length Ginger said:

"Got her salted, Colonel Bill?"

Gayly lifting his glass and waltzing forward, and looking down into the shaft, and then prancing back, the colonel answered:

"Salted?—I salted her—and then, for fear I'd forgot it, I salted her ag'in!"

Here a low chuckle of delight came from the region of the great black beard, and the admiring miners nudged each other with their elbows. The colonel continued: "Why, I've put in more honest labor a-saltin' of this mine than I ever done in my life afore. Salted? Well, I should illuminate!" The honest miner grew thoughtful for a moment; and then, setting down his glass, said slowly: "I tried first, you know, boys, to

catch a syndercate—a syndercate of lambs from New York. Well, they sent out an expert. You all remember him, boys. An expert! And an expert from a college! Never seed a mine in his life afore. Well, this expert, he wanted *half* to report favor'bly. Half! Think of it, boys! Wanted half of an honest miner's money. I wouldn't give it. I've got principle, I have. You all know me."

"Yes, oh, yes! We all know you."

There was a chorus of vociferous answers and another drink; then the colonel continued:

"Yes, I've got principle. That was the trouble. I wouldn't give him half, on a p'int of principle, p'int of honor. It was too much. I offered him a third."

"And he wouldn't take it!" ejaculated the doctor, as the honest miner mournfully shook his head.

"No! No! Then them fellows up the cañon yonder offered him two-thirds of all they got, and he took it. No principle in them miners up thar at all."

"Ah, principle don't pay in Colorado, Colonel Bill," sighed the doctor.

"Pay! I lost a fortune right thar, gentlemen, on a p'int of principle, a p'int of honor. But I'll catch 'em this time, boys. Come up and drink again, every one of you." Again the great swooping arm brought the boys together in a knot at the rickety bar. "And you'll all stand by me?" cried the colonel, as he shot his glass in the air. They all nodded assent. "I'll tell a thing, and you swear to it. Oh, I'm all here!" he added in a vociferous tone.

Again all assented boisterously, as the colonel struck his broad breast and ended his speech. Setting down his glass and unloosening his back from the bar, with the eye of a brave, battle-loving captain, he looked to see

that everything was ready for action. He glanced at the creaking derrick, at the perpetual stream of men passing up and down the shaft, pushed his hat a little farther back from his brow, turned the quid of tobacco in his cheek, and then tranquilly waited, certain of victory, certain that at last he was to sell his mine, pocket the money, and again see old Maine, Maria, and the little ones.

"Shoo! I thought I heard some one a-comin'," said the doctor, as he lifted a finger and leaned forward, looking toward the doorway. For a moment the miners all craned their necks and looked; but, as the expected visitor did not appear, Old Kit creaked out:

"And how will you know him, Colonel Bill, when he comes? A live lord! A real live English lord! Hic—all gold lace down here, eh? Jist that way in picter-books. Colonel Bill. But will you know him without a introduction, Colonel Bill?"

"Know him? Why, I'd know a lord as far as I could see him. Don't I know the 'stocracy? Hain't I be'n to Boston? Oh, I'll know him. Why, I could tell a lord by the noble look of his brow!"

The rickety, drunken old trapper seemed satisfied, and tottered away, chuckling to himself as he jostled through the crowd.

"A real live English lord! All lace and gold, gold and lace all up and down before."

"Yes, and he'll be here in a minute, too!" cried the colonel. "Listen! There he comes! Pose, boys, pose! Look dignified! Look your best! Look your darned level best!"

The miners all struck imposing attitudes, and the colonel shouted out to old Kit, in a voice of thunder: "Pose, I tell you!"

But the old trapper only paused a moment in his meanderings, and then, tottering helplessly back to the colonel, fell laughing, maudlin-like, in his arms. It looked as if he were going to be troublesome. The colonel spun him about and again shouted as he pushed, wrestled, and dragged him to the other side of the shaft:

"Now you stand in your place, you old juniper stump, and pose!" He planted him hard, and again shouted, as a stout, dumpy figure darkened the narrow pass in the stone wall: "Pose, I tell you! Hang you, pose!"

Poor Kit tried to pose, but could not stand still. "Stand still and pose! And don't you dare to move till that old duffer comes!" cried the excited colonel. Then, leaving the limp man with his knees smiting together, he stepped back and mounted a pile of rocks by the bar. "Now, boys, yank out your specimens and be lookin' at 'em and a-talkin' about 'em, and a-talkin' about my mine. Say that the Col. Bill Williams Mine is the biggest thing in all Colorado. Say that the Col. Bill Williams Mine is a bigger bonanza than the Comstock!"

There was a flourish of rocks and a chorus of approving voices. The colonel was hardly in a more exalted state of mind than his men. The prospect of selling a mine for half a million, together with the flood of Colorado whiskey, had lifted them far above the plane of ordinary expectation. "The 'Col. Bill Williams Mine' is a bigger bonanza than the Comstock," roared the miners, as they rallied around their chief, and flourished their long, ragged arms in the air.

As this proceeding was at its height, the stout, dumpy figure at the gateway, clad in a very rough, soiled suit of gray, advanced down the narrow stone pass to the

inner edge of the wall, and looked on in mute amazement.

The colonel was delighted with the enthusiastic behavior of his boys, and, with head high in the air, shouted :

"That's splendid ! That's glorious ! Keep it up ! Keep it up ! Keep it—" Observing something unusual in the look of the crowd, the colonel turned, saw the figure in the narrow passage, and pausing and lowering his voice, queried : "Now, who in the name of Old Nick is that ? Get out of the way thar ! Thar's a lord a-coming' ; do you hear ?" roared the disgusted colonel. "Get out or come in, you bloated old loafer. Who is he, Ginger, anyhow ?"

"Oh he's a tender-foot, I guess. Get out of the way thar !"

"Oh, get out or come in !" shouted the colonel. "Do you hear ? We are lookin' for a gentleman."

The double chin of the stout, dumpy figure dropped an inch or two, perhaps, but the man himself did not move back, forward, or aside one single inch to make way for the distinguished nobleman who had come to Colorado to buy a mine.

The enraged colonel leaped down from the rocks at last in a fit of desperation, and, rushing forward, took the stranger by the collar.

"If you won't go out, come in and clear the pass, I say." And with one jerk he brought him half way across to the bar. "There is a lord a-comin' here, all lace and gold and ruffles. Do you hear ?" And then he shook him till his teeth chattered. "Do you hear, I say ; or are you deaf ? Or are you dumb ? Or what's the matter with you ? Hain't you got no manners ?" Again he shook him till the breath was out of him, and

the stranger attempted in vain to speak. "No! Don't you speak! Don't you dare to speak to me! If thar's any speakin' to be done, I'll do it myself. And don't you dare to speak to that lord when he comes; for I know your grammar's bad. Now you stand thar and pose!" and here, being quite out of breath, he planted the half-strangled man by the shaft as if he were a post, and belonged there as a part of the machinery of the mine.

"Pose, I tell you, and make an impression. And when that old Lord Howard comes—"

"Why, why, bless me soul, I—I—I'm Lord Howard!" at last gasped the honest Englishman.

"Eh? Eh? Be you the lord?"

"I—I am."

The colonel fell back against the bar. He did not cry out. He did not curse. He did not even ask for anything to drink.

"Beaten ag'in, boys," at last murmured the colonel meekly, aside to the miners. "Another fortune slipped through my honest grasp. Ah, Colorado's a hard country to make a-livin' in."

One miner, a green one, who had not been there long, swore furiously for a moment, but, seeing he was alone, and feeling how inadequate were even the most massive oaths, he suddenly stopped, and then the silence that followed was painful. They could hear the wicked little coyote calling from the hills above, but that was all. At last the two men began to gasp and gaze at each other as they got their respective breaths. The Englishman, who had been rubbing his throat, saw the bar, and, as if resolved to see if he could still swallow, called up the crowd with a jerk of his thumb, and treated promiscuously. This broke the ice; for he swore lustily as he drank, with the very first breath he had to spare.

"He's a gentleman," squeaked the doctor aside to the colonel, as he wiped his mouth on his sleeve.

"Swears like a gentleman," answered the colonel.

"Treats like a gentleman," creaked Kit.

"And pays like a gentleman," said Ginger, as he raked in and clinked two sovereigns.

"Well, who cares for a live English lord, anyhow," half sneered the doctor, taking heart again from his full tumbler of Colorado lightning.

"We licked 'em at Bunker Hill, didn't we?" courageously responded the colonel, aside to his piping little partner, and then, with the new inspiration upon him, he advanced and, bowing profoundly to Lord Howard as he reached his hand, he exclaimed with a flourish of the arm that took in the whole Rocky Mountains: "You are welcome, sir. Welcome to the balmy breezes, the lofty altitudes, and the aurif'rous regions of Colorado." He broke down, struck an attitude again, and went on: "The British Lion, sir—and the American Eagle, sir. The American Eagle, sir—sir—the British Lion and the American Eagle—sir—sir—sir—I—I—I'd like to sell you a mine, sir. No—no—not this one. Another one. Got another up cañon. Can have it in full operation in two hours, sir."

My lord seemed a bit dazed and did not respond.

"Come to Colorado for your health, I s'pose, my lord?" piped in the doctor edgewise.

"Ho! ho! bless me soul, no!" puffed the old nobleman at last, with his glass to his eye, and a hand still to his throat.

"Well, that's queer. Everybody comes to Colorado for their health," answered the doctor.

"Of course, then, you came to Colorado, my lord, to

buy a mine?" cried Colonel Bill. "Got the biggest thing in America, sir!"

"Why, bless me soul, no! I want no mine. I want neither mine nor medicine. I—I—will you drink, gentlemen?" He had learned a Colorado trick or two. "The bloody alkali dust of Colorado makes me throat hurt; or was it the w'iskey? Hot! bless me soul, that was hot!"

The old nobleman wrestled bravely with the burning liquid, and Colonel Bill, who now stuck like a burr to his elbow, continued:

"Climate! Climate, my lord! Colorado's a hot country. But I'd like to sell you a mine up the cañon, sir; or down the cañon, or anywhere you please, my lord; forty foot vein, dips, spurs, and angles, all solid silver, 'cept the gold in it. 'Spect to find it in a liquid state on next cross-cut and intersection level. Like to sell you that mine, my lord. Buy a silver mine, sir? I'll sell you a gold mine; sell you a diamond mine!"

"Why, bless me soul, do you Colorado men think of nothing but selling a mine?" blustered the old nobleman, finally, after he had screwed his eye-glass in its place and had looked long and curiously at the giant before him. "Why, at Denver, a dozen men wanted to sell me a mine before I got the dust out of me eyes; and here you all seem to think, talk, dream of nothing else."

He went over to the bar and reached his hand to Ginger for his change. He had heard enough, and wanted to go away.

"Oh, that's all right. That's all paid," answered Ginger.

"I want me change. I gave you two sovereigns, me man. I gave you two sovereigns."

"Yes, yes, I know. That's all right. You see, sovereigns are at a discount in Colorado."

"Bless me soul! Then I'd better go at once, and get on into Canada."

And he walked aside, and, big with unborn English oaths, looked down into the now empty shaft.

"Don't want any mine," said the colonel mournfully, to the doctor.

"Nor don't want any medicine," gloomily answered the doctor. "He's a sort of ole'margarine lord, anyhow, he is. Let's go for him!"

"Says he wants to git into Canada," chuckled the colonel.

The big-hearted Colonel Bill Williams was reckless now. He had met with many failures in his stormy life on the border, but none so inglorious as this he had just encountered. He was in disgrace before all his men, who had been appalled at the audacity of the stranger, and were correspondingly losing confidence in Colonel Bill. Now they stood about, gloomy, helpless, almost penniless. If he could not sell the mine, he thought to himself, he would at least sell the very green old Englishman. Assuming a gay air of banter, he began:

"Didn't you say you wanted to git to Canada, my lord? I say, you ain't got far to go if you want to go to Canada. The line runs right through my silver-mine here," and he winked at the crowd back over his shoulder, as he advanced toward my lord and drew a line with his foot. "That's Canada, and that's the United States. You pays your money and you takes your choice."

The nobleman looked at him a moment in admiration of this unexampled impudence. Then, as if believing all, and quietly accepting the situation of things, he stepped

forward and said: "Why, bless me soul! Is that Canada?" and this seemingly simple old man looked at the spot with his glass. "English soil! God bless old England! I love her! I love every foot of her!" and the honest old Briton crossed over and set down his foot firmly. "And this is Canada, hey? Bloody glad to be again on honest English soil." Then, winking an eye, not to that crowd, but to the north star that just grazed the brow of the steep bluff above him, he pompously pretended to take possession. His face was toward the narrow pass in the great stone wall by which he had entered, and taking three or four duck-like strides forward, he passed out, and they never saw him more.

The miners melted away in the darkness, one by one, as the lights grew lower, and as the last torch flickered out, the great speculator, whose feeble imitators have since overrun the world, rolled himself in a blanket by the side of his prospect hole, and left Colorado to the wonderful stars and the coyote howling from the hill.

II.

THE COW WIDOW OF COLORADO.

Rare Colorado! Yonder she rests, her head of gold pillowed on the Rocky Mountains, her breast a shield of silver, her feet in the brown grass. She is set on a hill before all the world. She is naked as one new born; naked, but not ashamed.

Thrown together in the barroom of the only hotel, the miners of Leadville gathered about their great leader, and looked up to him on this evening as to an Alexander.

The cow widow had returned from Paris. She would come down from her rooms to see the boys. They knew it well, for had not the local papers said that she had returned, dressed fresh from the hands of Worth?

The great broad-shouldered, tall, and altogether magnificent Colonel Bill Williams, the leader of all Leadville, loved the cow widow. And, indeed, who of us all did not love her?

With her cattle on a thousand hills, her bellowing herds of sleek brown steers, her lowing, spotted cows by every roadside, in every gulch and cañon, branded with a cross on the flank—and this is why we came to call this wealthiest and best of all the brave good women of Colorado the cow widow.

Perish the man who would speak of her with disrespect, or dream that aught but compliment is meant by this sketch. I, who have eaten her bread and drank milk many a time as I rode up the Rocky Mountains at her ranch, am the last man, now that she has returned again to Paris and assumed the reins of social leadership for the fair of our land, to do aught but honor her. And should this sketch be translated and published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as others of my sketches have been, I must beg monsieur to translate it with all consideration and respect for this truly good lady, who really was not to blame that we all loved her well and wooed her ardently.

How jealous Colonel Bill Williams was of her! He devoutly hoped and he honestly believed that his suit would be successful. And, indeed, each man of us there hoped, in case he did not get her himself, that the

colonel would come in on the homestretch the winner of the race. In fact, it was really necessary that some like good fortune should overtake him soon. He had mines, it is true. He had a thousand mines, rich mines, extensive mines, marvellously rich mines, according to his own account of them; but somehow he was in debt head and ears, and could not sell even his richest mine for a change of raiment.

What Colorado miner cannot testify to the absolute and most deplorable poverty of a gentleman who has nothing in the world but a mine of solid gold and silver?

The noble colonel had a partner in all his enterprises, a little, pinched, squeaky, half-starved doctor, who had a pair of greasy pill bags on his arm and enormous spectacles over his nose. The nervous and anxious little doctor was perhaps the only one of us there who was not wooing the widow on his own account. But this gave him a double force to work for his partner. These two men, outside of wooing the widow, had each a purpose in life. The colonel's other sole aim in life was to sell somebody a mine—make him swallow his accounts of its marvellous worth. The doctor's purpose was to make men swallow his medicine.

The colonel was not over well dressed. And who of us was at that early day? Perhaps it was this want of the wedding garment that made him so madly jealous of every strange or well-arrayed gentleman who chanced to approach the presence of the coveted cow widow.

On this memorable night, as we waited for her to descend to where we were all gathered to receive her in what served as barroom, parlor, and hall, the moon hung high and bright, and horses were champing their bits at the rack outside as if somebody was contemplating a long, hard drive.

Suddenly the door opened, and there timidly entered the most perfectly well-dressed young man that had ever as yet set foot in Leadville.

But as the cow widow was expected to descend from the stairs, no one was looking in the direction of the door, and the tall, well-dressed, but pale and anxious young man stood there timidly soliloquizing to himself:

"Go West and grow up with the country! I've come West, and, instead of growing up, if I don't get a job or strike something soon, I'll starve, grow down with the country. But I won't be bad. No! Why, before I'd lie like a Colorado miner, I'd die. In New York I had no money, but I had pride, the real old Livingston pride; landed in Colorado last week, and have been hungry ever since. Pride, yes, I have pride! I'll not sink down to rags and revolvers, a nickname and a slouch hat. No! I, Richard Percival Livingston, of the city of New York, was born a gentleman, bred a gentleman, and I believe a gentleman can be a gentleman in Colorado as well as in New York. No! I'll hold my own in Colorado."

The doctor looked over his shoulder and, winking to the boys, merely said:

"A tenderfoot."

The colonel at the first glimpse was furiously jealous, but, concealing his displeasure, said:

"So it is. I'll sell him a mine!" Then approaching, he continued to the stranger: "Want to buy a mine, stranger?"

"They all want to sell me a mine," mused the tall, clerical young man to himself; then, turning to the colonel, he said timidly but earnestly: "Sir, should you miners of Colorado see the Angel Gabriel descending yon shin-

ing summits to sound the last trump, what would be your first impulse?"

The glorious colonel was not at all abashed or discomfited, but in a sweep of his arm, like a cyclone, he cried: "Sell him a mine! By goll, sell him a mine!" Then, approaching a little closer and lowering the cyclonic arm, and softening his voice, he said, as he looked the meek and modest new-comer in the face, "Buy a mine, stranger? Sell you a mine, whole mountain of solid gold in it! Buy a mine, stranger?"

The sublime audacity of the big Colonel Bill Williams was conviction itself, and the pale, hesitating, handsome young man modestly answered:

"Yes, I—I—that is, supposing the transaction be one of commercial amity in deference to—to financial embarrassments, sir."

"Hey?"

"I mean if you will sell me the mine on time."

"Time! Boys, he wants time. Time! Why, we've got time enough for the whole universe in Colorado! 'Bout the only thing we have got, eh, boys? No, sir, we want the pepper sauce right down, and don't you fail to record it."

"Well, no harm done, I hope. You offer to sell a mine. I offer my terms. You decline. No harm, sir!"

"Not a bit, stranger, and there's my hand. I'm Colonel Bill Williams, the strangers' friend," and here he raised a hand to the side of his mouth, and said aside, "if I can sell him a mine. This is Mr. Ginger, the friend of the Indian agent, the Hon. Mr. Snagly. This is Dr. Bags, my pard, and the friend of the cow widder, the richest woman in Colorado. He'll doctor you, or get you a job to herd sheep. He's got a powerful influence with the widder."

The tall, timid stranger stood full an inch taller as he walked aside and said to himself, "The richest woman in Colorado! And a widow. Widows will marry. Now, here is a wealthy widow. This wealthy widow must and will marry. She will choose among those who surround her. Well, as between these men and myself," and here he looked at his clothes, "the chances are for you, Mr. Richard Percival Livingston. For, whatever happens, I'll be a gentleman. No ragged clothes, no revolver, no slouch hat, no nickname for Richard Percival Livingston." Getting confidential, he turned to the doctor and said, "Yes, I should like to know the widow."

"You shall, you shall."

The colonel looked dark for a second, then shouted as he slapped him on the shoulder: "You shall! What's your name?"

The deep disgust of the tall young man at this familiarity was only half concealed as he answered: "My name is Richard Percival Livingston, of New York City."

The house nearly exploded with suppressed laughter, and the colonel again brought his broad hand down on the man's shoulder, and shouted:

"All right, Dick; you shall know her. All right, Slim Dick," and again he slapped the breath out of him. While the tall, pale, and thoroughly disgusted young man was pulling himself together, the thin, hatchet-faced little doctor squeaked in his ear as he dangled the pill bags on his arm:

"You look square, young man. Nothing triangular or three-cornered? You'll do, Slim Dick. But if you didn't come to Colorado to buy a mine, you came to Colorado for your health, didn't you?"

"Yes—I—I—yes, I came to Colorado for my health, I suppose."

"Well, if you came to Colorado for your health, you of course need a doctor."

The tall, pale young man shrugged his aching shoulders and muttered aside to himself: "Why, what does he mean? But I see I've got to humor him in order to get acquainted with the widow." Then, turning to the doctor, he said: "Well, yes, doctor, of course, and if I need medical advice, I—"

"Need it? You need it the moment you arrive here. It's while getting climated you need a doctor. Once climated you live forever. Now, I'm the doctor and the bosom friend of the cow widow. And, by the way, I'll introduce you, Dick;" and here the little squeaky doctor poked him familiarly in the ribs with his thumb.

"Yes, and you take my advice, Slim Dick, employ the doctor, build yourself up, get biceps like that—and go for the widder;" and here the giant brought down the big right hand with a force that almost extinguished the slim stranger.

"Let me see your tongue," squeaked the doctor. The tongue came timidly forth. "Just as I expected. High living! Coated! Livin' too high. Been eatin' too much. That's the way with you young bloods. Kill yourselves eatin' when you first come here." And without another word the hatchet-faced little doctor goes to the bar and Ginger hands him his other bags, from which he takes a small paper of powders and hands it to Livingston, saying:

"Now, you take this at once."

The tall, pale gentleman started back and trembled where he stood: "But—but you—you may be mistaken in the case, and, and—"

"Mistaken in the case? I mistaken? You insult me, sir! Take it! Take it at once! Perfectly harmless."

"Well, if it is perfectly harmless, I suppose it will do no harm;" and the tall, pale gentleman shut his eyes and meekly swallowed it.

"Good!" ejaculates the little doctor. "Now, a little somethin' to work it off, and I will have you sound as a rock. Ah! this high livin' is a very dangerous thing. Ginger, hand me out my biggest saddle-bags." He took the bags, put on another pair of glasses, unbuckled and took out a bottle.

The colonel and the doctor conferred for a moment as the former unbuckled the enormous saddle-bags and set down the bottle, and then the former came gayly forward and, again slapping the shoulder, cried: "Yes, Dick, you must see that widder ride. Why, she's a comet! Twenty miles at a dash, and don't turn a hair. Her ranch is twenty miles up the mountains. Been to Paris! Ah, she's no slouch! Dresses! Well, she's the only real copper bottom that ever I seed in Colorado, and"—here he leaned and spoke close and confidentially —"if I don't get her I'd as soon you'd have her as any man I know, Slim Dick."

The tall, pale gentleman was nearly knocked out of his boots this time, and as he turned away he muttered:

"Ah! these vulgar fellows, with their nicknames and rude familiarity. But I won't have it. I'm going to hold my own in Colorado."

"I say, Dick, can you ride?" gayly cried the colonel, following him up.

"Ride? Yes; all gentlemen can ride."

"Bully! Now, I sort of suspect she'll ask you to go up to her ranch. She's powerful kind. And since she's been to Paris she kind o' takes a shine to clothes, ye know. And now if she does ask you to go, you go.

And if you do go for to take that twenty-mile ride, you keep up with her."

"I say, Ginger, you got a tablespoon?" calls the doctor to the red-headed man at the bar.

"No, but I've got a soup ladle somewhere."

"Good! It will take about four doses. He's been livin' so high." And here the doctor takes and examines the enormous ladle and pours out something from the bottle, saying to himself: "Jest the thing I wanted."

"Yes, sir," continues the colonel gayly, "she shook a fellow here last year, a banker at that, because he couldn't keep up with her. If she asks you for to go with her, just you go, and you keep up with her if it kills every hoss she's got on the ranch."

Again hope blossoms in the heart of the tall, pale gentleman, and while he disdains to respond to the vulgar colonel, he says cheerily to himself: "I'll go with her, I will woo her, win her." Then, feeling better, he turned to the colonel and reached his hand, saying: "I thank you, sir; I thank you with all my heart. You are a little rough; but you seem a frank, good fellow, and I hope we shall be friends. I am a stranger, and don't quite fit in in Colorado yet. And, to tell you the truth, I don't intend to fit in altogether. No, sir, I don't like nicknames, and I don't intend to have one. I am going to hold my own in Colorado."

The doctor had put the cork in the big bottle and put the big bottle in the big saddle-bags, and, with his glasses low down on his nose, was now coming slowly forward from behind with a big ladle full to the brim.

"Now, Mr. Slim Dick, if you'll jest take this ere oil to work off—"

"Oil! Oil! Good heavens! But I—I'm not going to take that. I—I—"

"Oh, but you are going to take it, Slim Dick! You see, your tongue's coated; too high livin'. I had to give you that ere powder to cut off that coatin'. Of course I had to give you somethin' pretty strong. For you've been a livin' awful high. You know you have. So, you see, I put in a good deal of ass-senic! This has got for to work it off."

"But I protest! I won't take it!" and the tall, pale gentleman starts for the door.

The doctor's left hand is clutched in the tail of his broadcloth coat, and he turns him round and squeaks in his ear: "Well, now, look here, Dick, you will take it! Don't you attempt for to leave with that ass-senic in you. I've got my perfessional repertation to keep up. I don't want no corpse on my hands. I've got my repertation to look after. Take it."

"Oil, oil! Oh, if there is anything I hate! No, never!" The doctor pecks with his sharp nose to the grinning row of miners that lean against the wall, and two come forward and clutch his shoulders from behind.

"Good! Hold his hands! I'll hold his nose." The doctor tiptoes up, seizes the nose, the ladle goes up, the head goes back, bah! "There! You'll be climated now in—in—well, very soon."

"I—I—I ought to murder you," gasps and gags the stranger. "Keep it down, keep it down," kindly insists the doctor. The colonel comes forward and, again slapping the shoulders, shouts out gayly: "You said you were going to hold your own in Colorado. Do it, Slim Dick. Do it or bust! Hello! here's the widder now."

Extravagantly dressed and followed by a Chinese maid in native costume, the gorgeous widow descends the narrow stairs. The queer little maid is loaded down with enormous fans in each hand and bundles under her arms,

which she is constantly dropping, and which the widow is constantly picking up, while the helpless little heathen closes her eyes and rocks to and fro on her wooden shoes, with her little feet set wide apart.

The tall, pale man suppresses a rebellion in his stomach at sight of this rich and beautiful widow, and each man against the wall assumes his most imposing attitude as Colonel Bill Williams delivers the address of welcome :

" Welcome back from Paris ! Welcome back to the sublime and auriferous regions of Colorado. Welcome back to your cattle on a thousand hills. Welcome to this, the club rooms of the honest miners, of which I am the honored President. Widow, you are welcome ! Gentlemen, this is the rose of the mountain and the lily of the valley. She shall never die, nor wither, nor grow flat or stale or unprofitable or—" But the shouts of welcome drown the eloquent address as the miners crowd around.

" But, I say, widder," squeaks the doctor, as he leads forward Livingston, who has crossed his hands low down, " I want to present my very dear young friend, Mr. Livingston, patient of mine, come to Colorado for his health. Patient of mine, widder ; a gentleman and a patient of mine." The widow answers merrily :

" Mr. Livingston, I am glad to see you ; glad to know you ; hope you're well." And here the gorgeous widow shook his feeble hand so heartily that it was with the utmost effort he kept down the rebellion in his stomach.

" I set out to-night for a long, lively moonlight ride to my ranch. Colonel Bill Williams here goes with me. It is one unbroken gradual slope in the Rocky Mountains," cried the spirited widow ; " not a tree, not a stone, not a stump ; all as level as this floor, and in this full yellow

harvest moon as light and as lovely as Paradise." She pauses, approaches, lays a hand on his arm, and says, "You will go?"

"She is beautiful," whispers the ravished youth to himself; "and my fortune is made. Oh, thank you, madam! Thank you with all my heart." He grasps her hand, he gags a little, but recovers with effort, and cries, fondly: "With all my heart. I love the saddle."

"Then you shall have a bold and spirited horse;" and again laying her hand on his arm, and looking in his face, she says close and fondly: "And if I don't find you at my side always, to the end of the dash, even to my gates, good-by. But if you are there! If you are at my side to the end—ha! ha! ha!" and her sweet low laugh was more than mortal could resist.

"Madam, I thank you for this opportunity to show how devoted I can be to you. At your side always! Madam, I will be at your side to the last leap over the plains of Colorado, even to your gates." Then, while the jealous colonel glared with rage, he leaned his pale face forward and whispered, "And, madam, I would that I could remain forever at your side, even down to the gates of death."

"We will know each other better by the time we reach my ranch, through twenty miles of moonlight," murmurs the widow, while the colonel glares and confers hastily aside with his partner.

Then the little doctor comes up and pulls at the sleeve of his patient, who is whispering sweet compliments to the widow.

"My fortune is made in Colorado, after all," says the tall, pale gentleman to himself.

"How he loves me at first sight," murmurs the widow, as she turns to hide her blushes.

And still the colonel glares and the little doctor tugs at the sleeve of the hated rival.

"All ready!" roars a rough voice through the half-opened door, through which three splendid and restless horses are seen champing their bits and stamping fretfully as the man at the door holds stoutly to the reins.

A moment more and the three are mounted, the horses' heads are turned to the Rocky Mountains, and they bound away with the wind. The air is sweet and strong, full of life, like wine. The moon has sown the road with silver. Not a word for the first five miles. Oh, the glory of a ride like that! Speech at such a time is profanity.

At last, after nearly ten miles, the horses began to slacken pace from exhaustion. Colonel Bill had just set the rowels of his great Spanish spurs in the broad cinch in order to push his horse and his fortunes, too, with the widow, when a low, deep, rumbling sound was heard directly ahead, and the colonel stood up in his stirrups. The plain was black before—a moving, billowy, bellowing mass, that was rolling directly upon the doomed riders. He alone saw and understood the terrible doom that was theirs. To the right? To the left? Fly before this billowy sea of buffalo? You might as well attempt to flank or fly before the Atlantic. He laid his hand on the widow's reins, checked her horse, and pointed to the peril ahead. There was at first a pang of bitterness, then a sense of grandeur, as he reined Livingston's horse at her side. As the living sea rolled down to engulf them, he bade them stand close and still together. Then drawing a pistol he spurred on in front, and, springing to the ground, waited there to die for her he loved.

He did not have to wait long. The earth trembled. A moaning sound came with the surging mass. He could hear them breathe. An unpractised man would have

said he could see their black eyes shine as they rolled down upon him. But that which glistened in the vast tranquil moon was the bright crooked little horns of the hairy monsters; their eyes were closed utterly, else they had been blinded by the dust. The horses stood trembling, paralyzed with terror at the awful sight and sense of death. The man dropped to his knee and brought his heavy pistol to rest on his right arm as he felt their breath in his face. A flash! another! and another! and then horse, man, monster, the three rolled in the dust together, an indistinguishable mass. But the herd divided as against a rock and rolled away to the right and left, not even touching the two that still sat their trembling horses.

The officers and soldiers in chase came up soon after, and compelling the widow and her companion to dash ahead at once to the ranch, lest a like calamity might overtake them, drew the bleeding and broken and senseless man from out the dust, where he lay wedged in between the two dead animals. They bore him to the military camp on the plain below.

How things whirl around in Colorado! It is a windy land. Livingston, too, became a great miner of Colorado. He borrowed two six-shooters, and ascending to the summit of a mountain, located a mine. Before he had been three months in Colorado he was heard boasting in a barroom that he had discovered that mine by seeing the solid silver flashing in the morning sun and knocking its silver helmet against the morning star, as he tended the cow widow's cattle ten thousand feet below!

It was late in the summer before poor, brave old Colonel Bill came forth, crawling and dragging on his crutches.

His squeaking little partner had been all the time at

his side, and every morning at his bedside a great heap of flowers and Colorado roses was to be found. But no woman's face had beamed in upon him as he lay there in the gloomy barrack save only that of Madge, the half Indian girl, a strange, wild creature belonging to neither race, and shuttlecocked to and fro between them, now a nurse, now a guide, but always a friend to the suffering.

The broken-up old colonel had never spoken of the widow. Thought of her? What else had he to think of?

"Pard, where do you get 'em?"

"Get what?"

"Them roses that's been a comin' all summer, as regular as the sun?"

"Get 'em? I don't get 'em. Got somethin' better than posies to tend to; got my doctorin' to do; guess it's Madge."

"Ah, guess it is," sighed Colonel Bill, as he shuffled his crutches together and again fell to thinking how Livingston was having it all his own way with the cow widow.

Suddenly one morning the whole country round came pouring into the post. The Indians, it was reported, had broken out, and settlers and miners were fleeing for their lives.

Livingston was among the first to fly from his mountain of silver for protection. He entered the stockade puffing and blowing, loaded down with pistols, overshadowed by an immense slouch hat, without band or crown, and the raggedest man in the mines.

"Indian war!" he said to himself. "Driven at last from my mine of immense wealth. Everybody rushing into the stockade to escape the Indians. Why, hello, Madge! Glad to see you! Going back to the Reservation, I hear. I hope you'll try and fit in to the Res-

ervation. That's best, you see. No use a bucking against it. See what I was when I came to Colorado. I've melted down ; fitted in like a square peg in a round hole. Ah, if my Jerusha in New York could see me now ! I am rich now, Madge. I try to conceal it, so that I might not be robbed. But I am rich—immensely rich !" and he spread his hands over his patches.

"Why, Mr. Livingston !" cried the merry widow, entering the stockade as Madge left it. "I thought you were up in the mountains at work in your great mine."

"Widow, you may well say great mine. For great mine it is. And I am rich, very—very—very rich."

"Oh, I'm so glad of it. You will be so happy now. I congratulate you with all my heart. With youth and health and wealth, how can you help but be happy ?"

"Happy ? No, I will never be happy again, never, never be happy again, unless—unless—"

"Why, Mr. Livingston, unless what ?"

"Ah, madam, while toiling away up there in my great mine, there in my mountain of wealth, that flashes its silver sheen in the shining moon, that knocks its helmet against the morning star—"

"Ah, Mr. Livingston."

"Yes, madam, while toiling up there my heart was here. At last I could endure it no longer, and to-day I dropped my pick while prying off a brick of silver, and came to throw myself at your feet. I offer you all that wealth. All ! The whole mountain ! I don't want it."

"O Mr. Livingston !"

"Be mine !" And, holding his patches, he fell upon his knees. "This is my first love." Then he moaned aside : "What a liar I've got to be in Colorado ! If Jerusha could see me now ! This is my first, my last, my only love. Be mine !"

Merrily the little woman laughed as the ragged man arose from before her and a boy entered with a message.

"From her! From the one woman I love; and I ought to have received it weeks ago!" and Livingston read eagerly:

DEAR RICHARD: Come back at once. Father is in Europe and mother is willing. Money no object. Come.

Yours,

JERUSHA.

"Struck it at last in Colorado! Stop, boy! There must be an answer. Got any paper, boy? Well, lend me your pencil, then." And, tearing off a paper cuff, he read very rapidly:

MY DEAR, DEAR JERUSHA: Yours finds me deep in my silver mine, "The Jerusha." Am running a cross tunnel to tap the silver level, where we hope to find the silver in a liquid state flowing through all its dips and spurs and angles. At present we are in solid silver, and find it hard to work. My dear, dear Jerusha, how constant I have been to you, heaven and the shining stars of Colorado only know.

"Take that, boy. Take it and fly! Stop! I must add a postscript." And again he wrote:

MY DEAR, DEAR JERUSHA: Telegraph me $500 to the City Bank of Denver. This solid silver is so hard to cut off that I may be delayed an hour or two, and I would not spare one sweet moment from you.

"Go! Pay at other end. I follow with the next soldiers for Denver."

The doctor came forth from the barracks, polishing his specs on a corner of his coat-tail, and cordially welcomed the widow.

"But Colonel Bill; how is he?"

"Better, better. All the time better. But broken up. Why, he's got more joints in his legs than a lobster."

"And does he—tell me—does he ever speak of me?"

"Speak of you? Why, when we first brought him in here—well, he didn't speak of anything else. But he was out of his head then; didn't know what he was about, you see."

"But now? Don't he speak of me now?"

"Not now, widder. You see, when he got up on his crutches and got a good look at himself, and seed how he was smashed up—well, after that he didn't never speak of you any more."

"Didn't speak of me any more after he saw how he was broken up?"

"Never any more."

"He ought to know that I want him to—to know——that I am grateful, grateful. That I—I—I want him to come to the ranch and look after my cows."

The doctor stopped polishing the glasses with the corner of his coat and gave a long, low whistle to himself. Then he turned straight about, went into the barracks, and brought out his partner on his crutches, muttering to him as they came: "Now, old pard, don't put it that way. If she loves you—if she loves you—why, why, she loves you, smashed up or no smashed up."

"But I—I'm all gone to pieces, and in this little time my head's got as white as the snow up yonder."

"Well, what of that?"

"What of that? Why, I won't blight her sunny life with the few chilly days that I've got left. No, I won't tell her I love her."

"And why won't you tell her you love her?"

"Because—because I do love her so!"

"You saved my life!" cried the widow, eagerly greeting him.

"Widder, there is a mistake. I don't like to lie to you,

or let you believe a lie. You know you was blinded by the dust and couldn't quite see."

"Yes, but I saw enough to know that it was you who saved my life."

"Widder, I—I—it was not I that saved you. You was blinded and couldn't see. It was not I, not I."

"Not you?"

"No. It was the soldiers. Ha, ha! It was that handsome officer, widder. But, widder, it's good in you, but there's some mistake. I—I was sick a long time, widder. I lay on my back there bandaged like a mummy, a long time."

"And I from my ranch sent every day to ask how you were. And every day with my own hand I gathered flowers for your bedside and sent them ten miles to you every morning."

"Oh, I thought it was Madge. Well, Madge, she came and sat by my bedside, anyhow."

"And it was good in her."

"Yes, that's it. It *was* good in her. And I—I—liked her for it."

"You—you liked her for it? Why, yes, of course you did."

"Yes. I—I loved to have her, and I learned to love her, and—I love her now."

"You love her now? You love her now? Why, then, I wish you well. I hope she will love you as—as I love you."

There was a gleam of delight in his eye not seen there since the night of the dreadful ride. He let go his crutches, and the great hands rested on the little woman's shoulder, as he said softly:

"Widder, not that. I don't ask you to love me. A man who truly loves a woman don't never ask to be

loved. He only asks of heaven and of her, permission to love."

"And I give you permission," answered the brave little lady, and the grizzled old miner knew his fortune and his happiness were secure.

III.

"COLORADO MADGE."

THE sharp silver horn of the clear curled moon—hanging so low in the marvellous sky of Colorado it seemed you might tiptoe up and touch it from the hill-top—slid hastily down behind Pike's Peak on this evening, as if it did not like to see what was about to happen.

This was in the earlier days of Colorado, when miners slept on their newly discovered claims. A wall of rock and *débris* from the mine made a sort of fortress against the savage and the storm.

This mine here at Boulder Cañon was a new discovery —the richest, the most marvellously rich that ever yet had been found. But as all this has been said of nearly every discovery, these glaring adjectives add but little to the outline of this crude little sketch. This claim, like all other fearfully rich ones, was also for sale. That was why it was so rich. That was why all sorts of people from all sorts of places came straggling in through the narrow passes left in the walls to where Colonel Bill

Williams and his friends grouped about their pine-knot fire under the stars of Colorado.

Old Kit, the last of the trappers, a withered, dried-up old man ready to blow away like a leaf into the river of death—a man who had held possession of all this land of gold long years before—sat moodily aside smoking his last pipe of tobacco. Suddenly he started up, or rather half undoubled, with his hand to his ear.

"What's that?"

"Guess you've got 'em agin, Kit."

"Got 'em agin? It was a woman, I tell you. But I forgot, you new fellers can't hear like old Mountain Kit. Yes, thar it is agin? Injin women up yonder! Injin women in trouble. Somebody's after 'em," muttered the old man, as he again doubled up and silently sucked his pipe-stem.

"Shouldn't wonder. Snagly, the agent, is red-hot after Madge, you know," squeaked out the little doctor.

"Yes, Madge and her old mother have got away from the Reservation again," growled Ginger.

"And is he goin' to take Madge back?" queried Kit, sympathetically, as he again half undoubled and shuffled forward.

"Take her back, if it takes the whole United States Army," said Ginger, savagely.

"Poor gal, poor gal!" mused the old trapper. "Why, her father, boys, was white. Yes, white as—as—well now, he was white as the whitest. And as for Madge, why, she's whiter herself than that agent is."

The old man was full of rage, and stood almost erect.

"Now, you look here," and Ginger, like the bully that he was, came close up to the old trapper, "Snagly the Indian agent, is a pard of mine in a tradin' post. And you just go slow. If he wants that gal he'll have her."

"Have her, will he? Well, not while old Mountain Kit can lift a fist, he won't. Now, do you just stick a pin there."

But, from the manner of the miners, it was clear enough that neither Madge nor any of her unhappy race had friends in that camp other than the old trapper.

Suddenly Madge stood, or rather crouched, as a hunted wild beast might crouch, right there in their midst. Of course she had come in through the narrow pass in the stone wall that had been thrown up there by the long strong arm of the now resting derrick; but no one had seen her enter. She had come as silent and sudden as the moon had gone. Her limbs were as supple as the panther's—her footfall as light. She looked to be only a waif—a hungry, tired beggar. She had a spotted skin over her shoulder, a short, tattered petticoat hung from her waist; her feet were naked; her breast was almost bare, save the storm of hair that hung and blew about her shoulders as she crouched there looking back, as if she feared she was followed, trembling, starting, quivering, scarcely daring to breathe.

"Hello, Madge, what's the row now?"

The girl did not answer. The stern and unfriendly voice of Colonel Bill Williams and the half sneer on the faces of all showed her at a glance that she had not fallen among friends.

"Madge, why don't you claim to be white and stay with the whites? You have a right to do that, and then they can't take you to the Reservation at all," added the colonel, more kindly.

Should she open her proud lips to utter the scorn she felt for a race who could treat her and her people as they were treated? Should she stoop to say, My mother is starving up yonder on the rocks only a stone's throw

away, where she is hiding from the man-hunters? Did it need any words to tell these men that she would live or die with her mother and her mother's people?

"Say, Madge, you could get a job down at the Hurdy Gurdy House to sing and dance if you'd claim to be white; then you could get some clothes," urged the colonel, as he looked at her thin, bare arms, while she still stood trembling, looking back listening, her nostrils extended, her pale lips set in silence.

Ginger, meantime, had risen and moved cautiously around toward the door or entrance through the great high stone wall, and, before she could guess what it meant, he stood between her and her beloved mountains. She was a prisoner. The hard, merciless man laughed wickedly as he threw his strong arm before her when she was about to spring past him and escape.

She had not spoken yet. But now she turned about, half threw up her hands in sign of submission, and for the first time stood erect.

She was tall, and, had she not been starving, she would have been strangely, savagely, fearfully beautiful. Had she been well clad and cared for, she would at that moment have looked the royal princess in body that she was in soul. But this wild rose, set thick with thorns, was only a bud that perhaps would never blossom.

These men all had seen her before. This cañon, this land, these mountains were her home, her inheritance. She had played when a child with the shiny bits of gold and silver that these strong men were going mad over now. Her people had galloped their horses over all this gold for a thousand years. But now the white man had come and was digging, digging, digging everywhere —digging graves for body and for soul.

Yes, all these men knew Madge very well—her pride

and her recklessness. Not a man there that did not know how impregnable was this girl's virtue, how she scorned and despised them every one, too.

Ginger sat himself down on a rock near by the pass in the wall and waited for Snagly, the agent, whom he knew was after her and would soon be there. The girl moved about the inclosure dimly lighted by the flaring pine knots, but did not speak. This was a wild beast that had been caught in a cage. She was gliding about as if to try the bars, to see how to escape from the cage. At last her eyes fell on a little uncovered tin bucket back among the buffalo robes and blankets. She leaned over cautiously and looked at its contents. It was full of provisions—sandwiches and a roast fowl for somebody's supper. The girl glanced up toward the rugged mountain above her. Then she measured the height of the stone wall before her. Her black eyes gleamed with a terrible purpose. Her mother was starving up there. She was going to steal this, leap up and over that wall like a starving wolf and save her mother, who would die rather than surrender and go back to the Reservation.

Old Kit, bent, broken, helpless, had sat all this time back obscurely in the corner; but his eyes, his every sense, had followed and understood her. He came out from his place and sat between the flaring and fitful pine-knot light and the little tin bucket. But how could he help her, this man who could not even help himself? The girl did not seem to notice him, or indeed to see any one now. She stretched her long slender arms just once, as if to make certain that they were free; she drew the thong that girdled her a little together, put the storm of midnight hair back a little from about her piercing eyes, and that was all. She had not spoken one word. She had not even deigned to look at the man who sat keeping

watch at the narrow little pass through the great ugly wall. Only old Kit seemed to suspect her purpose.

The miners talked in little groups together about their mines. They had forgotten the girl was there. At length she seemed ready. She threw her hand up to her ear as if listening, looked up the ugly cliff above her where her mother was hiding and starving, looked hard at the steep and savage stone wall before her, and then darting down like a hawk, she caught up the little bucket and leaped across the open space at a bound and on up the stone wall.

Up, up! She stops. It is too steep for her failing strength. The jagged quartz cuts her feet and hands till the white wall of rock is red. Her hands relax their hold on the sharp rock, and she falls back bleeding and bruised at the very feet of the man who had sprung forward from where he was keeping watch at the pass in the wall.

"Now, what do you mean?" called out the colonel.

"Told you so!" shouted Ginger, as he took her by the hair and forced her to rise.

"Injins will be Injins, boys," said the doctor, and he picked up and set aside the little bucket.

"Now, I guess you'll help me keep her here till Snagly comes, won't you? I seed you fellers lookin' dark at me as I sat there, you in particular, colonel. Well, now, don't you see I'm right? Injins is Injins. It's the cussed bad blood that's in 'em. The Injin will out every time."

"Yes, send the little cuss back to the Reservation. Let Snagly have her if you like," said the colonel, as he brushed the dirt from a bruised knee and limped around to the other side of the fire. For he, too, had sprung up and tried to reach the girl when he saw her about to

fall. But whether to help or harm was not certain to any one.

At mention of the Reservation the girl became wild and desperate. She threw herself imploringly before the strong, bearded colonel, and lifted her face as in piteous prayer.

"Well, what did you go and steal for?"

Still the girl did not speak. But now she could not lift her face. Her eyes fell to the ground, and she stood mute, motionless—all bowed and broken before him as he accused her.

"Madge, if you hadn't stole my dinner; if you hadn't done that, Madge, I'd let you go. Yes, I would; hang it, gal, I'm sorry for you; yes, I am, and if you hadn't stole that little bucket, my gal, I'd a chucked that Ginger out of that door before two minutes more and let you go; yes I would, Madge. But you see now I can't, for you've stole."

The trembling old trapper staggered forward, and, standing between, cried wildly:

"She didn't steal! I stole it and I giv it to her."

"What, you—you, old trapper Kit?"

"Yes, I—I, old trapper Kit. Now let her go, won't you?"

"Yes, I will. Go, gal," and the man pointed to the pass in the ugly wall.

Just as he spoke there was a rattle of boot-nails over the boulders in the little narrow pass, and Snagly, the Indian agent, followed by an officer of the United States Army, and two men, with manacles at their wrists, entered the little enclosure. The Indian agent—the man-hunter, with the United States Army at his back—stopped there and glared at her. The girl lifted her face now in silent petition to every man there. One after one,

as her eyes met theirs, they turned away without a word, shaking their heads sullenly. Three centuries of hatred toward the Indian was in their blood.

"Caught at last, eh?" triumphantly chuckled the Indian agent, as he at length came forward, followed by the men with manacles at their waists. He stood before her, gloating at her utter discomfiture and helplessness. Now she should be his—his at last, body and soul.

She stood up, tall no longer. Her eyes had lost their lustre, her long, bony arms hung down, low down, tired, so tired now. Her magnificence of hair mantled her. Her breast lifted a little. That was all. What could she have been thinking about?

The fire burned low at her feet. The stars above her —every one—came out, stealthily, as it were, on tiptoe, and peeped through the key-holes of heaven to see what the United States was doing there now under the vast free skies of Colorado.

"Caught at last, eh?" again ejaculated the brutal Indian agent, as he took one step nearer to the trembling child, as if about to lay hold of her.

"Caught, caught! Why, mon, you speak of her as if she were a dog for the pound." The brawny Scotchman who said this had just unrolled himself from a pile of blankets back under the other wall, where he had taken shelter after a hard day's digging. He was a foreigner, and of a race slow to comprehend. He was now, for the first time since the fugitive entered the enclosure, getting pretty well awake.

The agent only looked at the stranger and then motioned his men to approach. The officer, who evidently did not like his work, was slow to obey his master, the Indian agent.

"Oh, save me from that man—from that man of all!"

at last cried the girl, throwing herself before the kindly officer. "I will die rather than be taken. Oh, you did save me once, you did help me once to escape—"

"Quiet! You will betray me and ruin all. I dare not help you, Madge, where the agent is."

"But it is death to be taken. Oh, it is more than death!"

"Well, now, it is not so bad as that, Madge! If Snagly wants you, you go back," said Ginger, familiarly coming forward.

"But see how she trembles. This will kill her," protested the officer.

"Oh, she's just making out! Say, where did you sleep last night?" called out the red-headed ruffian.

The girl shrank from the monster and crouched before the stranger, as if he could help her. Then, turning to the ruffian, she cried, as she threw her long, bony arms in the air, and pointed to the rocks above:

"Where was I last night? Up yonder on the high, rocky ledge, with my poor starving mother, hiding! hiding! hiding from him and his men! And there were rattlesnakes there in the rocks, rattling and hissing all night as we lay crouching, hiding, starving!"

"Poor, poor lass!" muttered the foreigner.

"Oh, why is this? You all can come and go at will. But I—I am hunted down like a wolf. Why is this?"

"Bah, you Injin, don't take on like that," sneered the agent, as he again approached. "Come, your mother must go back to the Reservation. Don't you want to go back too?"

"I'd rather die!" and with an instinct that saw something kindly in the face of this quiet but determined foreigner, she turned to him again and pleaded, "Oh, sir, long, long ago, my father lived and was rich in horses

and gold in yonder mountains—long, so long ago, it seems, for I was happy then, and oh, so wretched now! Long, long ago, and he loved me, and called me Margie. But now, down at that Reservation they mock at me when I pass, and call me Madge, Colorado Madge, Injin Madge. Oh, I could kill them—kill them, every one!"

The Indian agent in the name of the United States was growing angry and impatient. He began to fear that possibly this girl might move this man's pity, and somehow at last escape him. He advanced closer, and roughly laid hold of her shoulder.

"Come, come now, I want to be gentle with you. But, remember, I am your lawful guardian, and I must take you back. Come, go back peacefully under my protection."

The girl sprang from him and threw back her hair. Her whole form shook, but it was not with fear now.

"Your protection! Your protection! What is it? To see my mother's people sicken and perish on the deadly Reservation, with only the Great Spirit to heed or to pity them? To see a race of warriors die in savage silence, while your Great Father at Washington, and his chiefs about him, hug themselves in happiness and boast to the world of peace and prosperity in the land? Your protection! What is it? To see little children starve that you may grow rich? To see helpless women debased? To bear your insults, your persecutions? Yours, yes, yours! No! no! I'd rather live with the rattlesnakes!"

"Now, look here, none of that! Remember, I don't take one more word of insult. So come. And come right along now."

The brute clutched her thin shoulder angrily, and

threw her toward the two men with the manacles as he spoke.

But the girl sprang back to the side of the stranger, and, half hiding there as the agent again attempted to take her, cried out in her desperation :

"Don't you touch me ! Don't you dare to touch me, or I will kill you !"

"Nae, don't you touch the lass ! Don't you dare to touch her ! If you do, begad, sir, I'll—" The mighty fist was in the air, but he was too angry to finish the sentence. He did not want to talk now. He wanted to fight.

Snagly, the Indian agent in the name of the United States, fell back before the lifted fist of this foreigner and the gleaming eyes of the half-crazed girl, and cried :

"Captain, I call upon you to enforce my authority. Arrest and deliver me that girl !"

"You wretch !" muttered the officer, between his teeth, as he drew his sword ; then, hesitating, he let its point fall to the ground. Whether he had drawn his sword for the agent or the stranger was not certain.

"Oh, you will help me !" cried the girl to the officer.

"Madge, Madge ! A soldier can only obey orders. Alas ! the laws make this man my master. An Indian agent commands the army !"

Once more Snagly attempted to lay hold of the almost frenzied girl. But the man from under England's flag threw him back and turned to the girl.

"Come here, me lass !" And throwing one arm about her he shook his fist at Snagly. "You, stop there. There's the line ! Now you cross that, and if I don't knock you down, blow me ! No true Briton

allows any innocent lass to be put in chains, whether she be red or black or white, and I am a son of bonnie Briton !"

"Well, son of Briton you may be, but this ain't British soil," shouted Snagly. The stranger started at this; he held his head in thought, and Snagly continued: "No, you ain't on British soil here !"

"Not on British soil. Not on brave old Britain's soil." The man said this as to himself, and then, slowly, tenderly, pitifully, lifting up the now almost prostrate child, he handed her toward the agent, saying: "Well, then, me poor, poor lass, I'll have to give ye up. I can't save you, lass, I can't. Here, sir, take her. But please, sir, treat her gently. She's only a poor, friendless lass, sir. Treat her gently, I implore you !"

"Mind your own affairs, and keep your advice to yourself," cried Snagly, as he again clutched the girl and threw her toward the men. "There ! Iron her !"

The girl no longer resisted or remonstrated now. Her head bent very low. Meekly and mechanically her two bony little hands fell across each other to receive the cold rattling shackles. Her hair hung down about her bended face, as if to hide the blush of shame that mantled it in her captivity.

The mouth of Colonel Bill Williams had been working; had been watering to devour that monster, the agent of these United States. His hands had clutched till his finger-nails nearly drew blood from his palms. But the rattle of chains now seemed to awaken him to a sense of the awful insult that was being put upon his country, his manhood, and his presence. He caught up the nearest thing at hand—a pick that leaned against the wall; he dashed forward, throwing the men with their manacles to the ground, and roared with the voice of a

Numidian lion, as he cleared the way for the girl through the ugly wall.

"Well, if this ain't British soil it is God Almighty's soil, and you can't iron her! There, girl!—go, as free as the winds of Colorado!"

The girl started up with all the grateful remembrance of her race in the single glance she gave her deliverers, and she passed out, with her face lifted to the cliff above. And old Kit stood there as she passed, and adroitly forced something into her brown hand for the hungry mother on the rocky hill. Surely, with the contents of the little tin bucket went a God's blessing on her from the heart of every man there, save and except the agent of these United States and the cowering red-headed deputy.

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The body is not much. 'Twere best
Take up the soul and leave the rest.
It seems to me the man who leaves
The soul to perish, is as one
Who gathers up the empty sheaves
When all the golden grain is done.

V.

RHYMES FOR THE RIGHT.

TO RUSSIA.

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?"—*Bible.*

Who tamed your lawless Tartar blood?
What David bearded in her den
The Russian bear in ages when
You strode your black, unbridled stud,
A skin-clad savage of the steppes?
Why one who now sits low and weeps,
Why one who now wails out to you—
The Jew, the homeless, hated Jew.

Who girt the thews of your young prime
And bound your fierce, divided force?
Why, who but Moses shaped your course
United down the grooves of time?
Your mighty millions, all to-day
The hated, homeless Jews obey.
Who taught all histories to you?
The Jew, the hated, homeless Jew.

Who taught you tender Bible tales
Of honey-lands, of milk and wine?
Of happy, peaceful Palestine?
Of Jordan's holy harvest-vales?
Who gave the patient Christ? I say,
Who gave your Christian creed? Yea, yea,
Who gave your very God to you?
The Jew! The Jew! The hated Jew!

MOTHER EGYPT.

Dark-browed she broods with weary lids
Beside her Sphynx and Pyramids,
With low and never-lifted head.
If she be dead, respect the dead ;
If she be weeping, let her weep ;
If she be sleeping, let her sleep ;
For lo, this woman named the stars !
  She suckled at her tawny dugs
Your Moses while you reeked in wars
  And prowled your woods, nude, painted thugs.

Then back, brave England, back in peace
To Christian isles of fat increase !
Go back ! Else bid your high priest take
Your great bronze Christs and cannon make ;
Take down their cross from proud St. Paul's
And coin it into cannon balls !
You tent not far from Nazareth.
  Your camp spreads where His child feet strayed.
If Christ had seen this work of death !
  If Christ had seen these ships invade !

I think the patient Christ had said,
"Go back, brave men ! Take up your dead ;
Draw down your great ships to the seas :
Repass the gates of Hercules.
Go back to wife with babe at breast,
And leave lorn Egypt to her rest."
Is Christ then dead as Egypt is ?
  Ah, Mother Egypt, torn in twain !
There's something grimly wrong in this—
  So like some gray, sad woman slain.

What would you have your mother do ?
Hath she not done enough for you ?
Go back ! And when you learn to read,
Come read this obelisk. Her deed
Like yonder awful forehead is
Disdainful silence like to this.

What lessons have you raised in stone
To passing nations that shall stand?
Like years to hers will leave you lone
And level as yon yellow sand.

St. George, your lions, whence are they?
From awful, silent Africa.
This Egypt is the lion's lair;
Beware, young Albion, beware!
I know the very Nile shall rise
To drive you from this sacrifice.
And if the seven plagues should come,
The red seas swallow sword and steed.
Lo! Christian lands stand mute and dumb
To see thy more than Moslem deed.

MIRIAM.

Yea, thou and I for wondrous seas,
Seas emptied wide of merchant sail,
With prows set seaward and a breeze
That breaks and gathers to a gale:
Sail on! God with us, we will go,
With never shred of canvas furled,
To seek, where only God may know,
Some holy Isle of under-world;
Thou and I,
Just thou and I.

What leaden shapes are these, that cling
And crowd our decks and load us down?
Come! cast in sea each sodden thing;
Let these turn back or let them drown.
They would not know the wondrous sea,
They could not love the lonely Isles;
Once rid of these, well rid of these,
We sail a million shining miles;
Thou and I,
Sweet thou and I.

Yea, haply now mid hush and peace,
Far, far as sea-lost star is seen,
God's hand is lifting from the seas
Some Isle of splendor for my queen.
Sing palm-set land in God's right hand. . . .
With opal sea and ardent sky,
Where only thou and I may land—
May land and love for aye and aye ;
Thou and I,
Christ, thou and I.

JEWESS.

My dark-browed daughter of the sun,
Dear Bedouin of the desert sands,
Sad daughter of the ravished lands,
Of savage Sinai, Babylon,—
O Egypt-eyed, thou art to me
A God-encompassed mystery !

I see sad Hagar in thine eyes ;
The obelisks, the pyramids,
Lie hid beneath thy drooping lids.
The tawny Nile of Moses lies
Portrayed in thine own people's force
And proudest mystery of source.

The black abundance of thy hair
Falls like some sad twilight of June
Above the dying afternoon,
And mourns thy people's mute despair.
The large solemnity of night,
O Israel, is in thy sight !

Then come where stars of freedom spill
Their splendor, Jewess. In this land,
The same broad hollow of God's hand
That held you ever, outholds still.
And whether you be right or nay,
'Tis God's, not Russia's, *here* to say.

ILLINOIS.

A PISTOL shot next my own garret nest,
And with face like a god he lies dead and alone :
Lies stark on his back ; a hand outthrown,
As disdaining rest, on the vanquished breast,
And a look of battle in his glorious eyes
As one struck dead by a cannon shot. . . .
Starved or dishonored ? It matters not ;
Nor whether betrayed or otherwise.
I only know that he fell last night ;
I only know that he fights no more ;
I only know that he fell in the fight,
Fighting as never fought man before.

Shot dead in the fight ! Not a syllable known
Of name or of place. But scratched on the wall
With a nail, "Illinois"—and that is all.
Then deep in the window stands all alone
And tattered and torn, like a flag in war,
One starved stalk of corn in a broken jar.
O banner of corn, with sweet memories
Of mother, of fields, and of fruitful trees !
O boy from the furrows of Illinois !
O boy with thy banner to the topmost wall,
I will nourish this corn, poor, pitiful boy,
Till I, too, vanquished, shall fighting fall.

Good mother, that waits in the far corn-fields,
He will never come back to your arms any more,
Grow lilies for him ; his battles are o'er.
He is borne to his rest on his battle-shield. . . .
Good mothers that wait, wherever you are,
Oh ! pity us, pray for us every one
That has left sweet fields for the smoke and dun
Of the City's walls in this ceaseless war.
How oft we have cried : O Christ for the fight !
When soldiers in battle rode reckless down
And stormed in a day and so took the town,
Or, sword in hand, they were slain outright !

O ye in the beautiful fields of corn,
Content and tranquil and far away,
Lift up your hearts and be glad all day ;
Lift up moist eyes like the dews of morn ;
For I tell you 'tis harder to win a town
And to hold it for even a year your own,
Than ever were gates when kings went down
With army and banners to win a throne.
Then a tear for the soldier who fell last night,
With banner of corn in a breach of the wall ;
For to every hundred that win this fight
I tell you a hundred thousand fall.

WASHEE WASHEE.

Brown John he bends above his tub ;
In cellar, alley, anywhere
Where dirt is found, why John is there ;
And rub and rub and rub and rub.
The hoodlum hisses in his ear :
"Git out of here, you yeller scrub !"
He is at work, he cannot hear ;
He smiles that smile that knows no fear ;
And rub and rub and rub and rub,
He calmly keeps on washing.

"Git out o' here ! ye haythin, git !
Me Frinch ancisthors fought an' blid
Fur this same fraadom, so they did,
An' I'll presarve it, ye can bit !
Phwat honest man can boss a town ?
Or burn anither Pittsburgh down ?
Or beg ? Or sthrike ? Or labor shirk
Phwile yez are here an' want ter work ?
Git out, I say ! ye haythin, git ! "
And Silver Jimmy shied a brick
That should have made that heathen sick ;
But John, he kept on washing.

Then mighty Congress shook with fear
At this queer, silent little man,
And cried, as only Congress can :
"Stop washing and git out of here!"
The small brown man, he ceased to rub,
And raised his little shaven head
Above the steaming, sudsy tub,
And unto this great Congress said,
Straightforward, business-like, and true:
"Two bittee dozen washee *you!*"
Then calmly went on washing.

Oh! honest, faithful little John,
If you will lay aside your duds,
And take a sea of soap and suds
And wash out dirty Washington ;
If you will be the Hercules
To cleanse our Stables clean of these
That all such follies fatten on,
There's fifty million souls to-day
To bid you welcome, bid you stay
And calmly keep on washing.

TO RACHEL IN RUSSIA.

"To bring them unto a good land and a large ; unto a land flowing with milk and honey."

O Thou, whose patient, peaceful blood
Paints Sharon's roses on thy cheek,
And down thy breasts plays hide and seek,
Six thousand years a stainless flood,
Rise up and set thy sad face hence.
Rise up and come where Freedom waits
Within these white, wide ocean-gates
To give thee God's inheritance ;
To bind thy wounds in this despair ;
To braid thy long, strong, loosened hair.

O Rachel, weeping where the flood
Of icy Volga grinds and flows
Against his banks of blood-red snows—
White banks made red with children's blood—

Lift up thy head, be comforted :
For, as thou didst on manna feed,
When Russia roamed a bear in deed,
And on her own foul essence fed,
So shalt thou flourish as a tree
When Rusk and Cossack shall not be.

Then come where yellow harvests swell ;
Forsake the savage land of snows ;
Forget the brutal Russian's blows ;
And come where Kings of Conscience dwell.
O come, Rebecca at the well !
The voice of Rachel shall be sweet,
The Gleaner rest safe at the feet
Of one who loves her ; and the spell
Of Peace that blesses Paradise
Shall kiss thy large and lonely eyes.

WE SCRIBES.

The builders of cities, of worlds, are we,
The unnamed scribes, and of unknown worth ;
For we are the kinsmen of Progress, and he
The one Prince we serve on the whole wide earth.
Nor gold, nor glory, nor name we claim—
We ask but the right, unfettered to fight ;
To name a wrong by its shameless name ;
To slay the wrong for the love of the Right.

The sentries of cities, of worlds, are we,
Each standing alone on his high watchtower ;
We are looking away to the land, to the sea ;
We have only a lamp in the midnight hour.
Then leave us the right to fight or to fall,
As God may will, in the front of the fight,
Unchallenged, unquestioned for the good of all,
For the truth that lives, for the love of the Right.

The givers of glory to nations are we,
The builders of shafts and of monuments
To soldiers and daring great men of the sea ;
But we are the homeless, strange dwellers in tents,

With never a tablet or high-built stone.
  Yet what care we who go down in the fight,
Though we live unnamed, though we die unknown,
  If only we live and we die for the Right?

There are brighter things in this world than gold,
  There are nobler things in this world than name—
To silently do with your deeds untold,
  To silently die unnoised to fame.
Then forth to the fight, unnamed and alone,
  Let us lead the world to its destined height:
Enough to know, if but this be known,
  We live and die in the ranks for the Right!

A FLOWER FROM A BATTLE-FIELD.

The cannon-shot ploughed these fields of ours long ago deep and wide. Some flowers have grown up in the furrows. And while I would celebrate no battle in song, still I find some pitiful little incidents growing out of our late dreadful war which go straight to the heart. And these little deeds of simple and unnamed soldiers will survive the brigadiers all. Here is a little incident sent me from Indiana, which I have put in verse. I had long ago heard of the old Wabash schoolmaster who nailed up his cabin school-house and marched away with his scholars to the war, but the heart of the story is new to me.

"GOING UP HEAD:" AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

The low school-house stood in a green Wabash wood,
  Lookin' out on long levels of corn like a sea—
  A little log house, hard benches—and we,
Big barefooted boys, and rough 'uns, we stood
  In line with the gals and tried to go head
  At spellin' each day when the lessons was said.

But one, Bally Dean, tall, bony, and green
As green corn in the milk, stood fast at the foot—
Stood day after day, as if he'd been put
A soldier on guard there, did poor Bally Dean.
And stupid ; God made him so stupid, I doubt—
But I guess God who made us knows what He's about.

He'd a long way to walk. But he wouldn't once talk
Of that, nor the chores for his mother, who lay
A-shakin' at home. Still, day after day
He stood at the foot till the class 'gan to mock !
Then to master he plead, "Oh, I'd like to go head."
Now it wasn't so much, but the way it was said.

Then the war struck the land ! Why, that barefooted band
It just nailed up that door, and the very next day,
With master for Cap'n, went marchin' away ;
And Bally, the butt of the whole Wabash band !
But he bore with it all, yet once firmly said,
"When I get back home, I m a-goin' up head !"

Oh, that school-house that stood in the wild Wabash wood !
The rank weeds were growin', white ghosts through the floor
The squirrels hulled nuts on the sill of the door,
And the gals stood in groups scrapin' lint where they stood.
And we boys ! How we sighed ; how we sickened and died
For the days that had been, for a place at their side !

Then one, fever-crazed, and his better sense dazed
And dulled with heart-sickness, all duty forgot :
Deserted, was taken, condemned to be shot !
And Bally Dean, guardin' his comrade half-crazed,
Slow paced up and down while he slept where he lay
In the tent waitin' death at the first flush of day.

And Bally Dean thought of the boy to be shot,
Of the fair girl he loved in the woods far away ;
Of the true love that grew like a red rose of May ;
And he stopped where he stood, and he thought and he thought.
Then a sudden star fell, shootin' on overhead,
And he knew that his mother beckoned on to the dead.

And he said, "What have I? Though I live, though I die,
Who shall care for me now?" Then the dull muffled drum
Struck his ear, and he knew that the master had come
With the squad. And he passed in the tent with a sigh.
Then the doomed lad crept forth, and the drowsy squad led,
With low-trailin' guns to the march of the dead.

Then, with face turned away tow'rd a dim streak of day,
And his voice full of tears, the poor bowed master said,
As he fell on his knees and uncovered his head,
"Come, boys, it is school-time, let us all pray."
And we prayed. And the lad by the coffin alone
Was tearless, was silent, was still as a stone.

"In line," master said, and he stood at the head;
But he couldn't speak now. So he drew out his sword,
And dropped the point low for the last fatal word.
Then the rifles rang out, and a soldier fell dead!
And the master sprang forward. "God help us," he said,
"It is Bally, poor Bally, and he's gone up head!"

Peter Cooper.

Died 1883.

Give honor and love forevermore
To this great man gone to rest;
Peace on the dim Plutonian shore,
Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man
That ever drew sword in war;
I reckon him nobler than king or khan,
Braver and better by far.

And wisest he in this whole wide land
Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold dead hand
Is what you have given away.

So, whether to wander the stars or to rest
Forever hushed and dumb,
He gave with a zest and he gave his best
And deserves the best to come.

VI.

IN MEMORIAM.

I.

JOSEPH LANE—SENATOR.

Died 1880.

I do not know where General Lane was born. I do not care. This unimportant fact can be found in almost any book of biographies, however. In truth, the place of a man's birth or death, the date of these events, are of the least consequence. The world is so full, the histories are so filled with illustrious names, that one who attempts to remember the dates of their birth, death, and so on, is in danger of remembering little else. I doubt, indeed, if it is important to remember a man's name except in so far as it stands out as an expression signifying some great example of virtue or of valor. These examples by the wayside of life as we walk on, lifting up like a cross on an altar in a dark night with a lamp burning—these are what serve us, light us, do us good. We need the light. We do not really need to know even the name of the saint, much less the date of his birth or death.

Lane first became known as a member of Congress,

from Indiana. He next volunteered as a private soldier in that most unnecessary war with our neighbor republic. We soon hear of him as a general. He is named "the Marion of the Mexican War" in the despatches of the commander of the American armies. Of course this appellation was a bit of affectation, if not downright falsehood, on the part of those seeking to build a pedestal of glory for themselves on the inglorious battlefields of Mexico. I only mention the circumstance as indicating that this man from the Wabash wilds probably did his bloody work well.

I would prefer, however, to omit all this ugly business of unhappy Mexico from his life. It is some apology for the part he took in the conquest to say that he was then young, unread, and had not at all attained to that larger growth and development that widened, refined, and made beautiful his life when I knew and loved him in his maturity. Aye, small glory indeed for any man who took part in the murder of those gallant Mexicans who fell defending their capital. Smaller glory, even shame and oblivion, for those who instituted this brutal war of invasion. Let our historians make its page as brief as possible, that our children may forget it.

Soon after returning from this war General Lane was sent out to us in the territory of Oregon as its governor. He located and settled on a ranch in the Umpqua Valley, in the central part of what is now the State of Oregon, built a cabin, and with his own hands ploughed and planted and reaped his new fields like any other farmer and settler in the wild and remote West. Here it was, I should say, his soul was born and began to grow. In this vast solitude, this isolation and solemnity of his cabin home, with wife and children only, for weeks and months at a time, going to the little village called the capital

only once about every two years, this germ of greatness, the soul that was in him, began to grow and glow and to be beautiful. And it grew from this date on steadily and upward, as a growing flower, to the date of his death, more than a quarter of a century later, near this same isolated spot. In the great Indian war that swept the land from Northern California to British America, this man, who had come to abhor war, was compelled to leave his little home and lead us in battle.

It was a desperate time. Even my Quaker, peace-loving father, who had never fired a gun in his life, was enrolled as a soldier and shouldered, not a gun, but an ox-whip, and drove away for the war. I, a mere lad, lay wounded under the trees, when an express rode by and gave the glad news that General Lane was coming at the head of all Oregon, in arms. I never saw such enthusiam. He was loved, adored, deified. Battle Rock, the most magnificent natural fortress ever seen—a natural castle—was another lava bed. But it was carried by storm, and the Oregonians floated the Stars and Stripes on the summit of this wonderful battlement, and General Lane went back to his plough. But the mature and entirely thoughtful man had even more time to read, reflect, and philosophize now than before. For besides other wounds, his right arm had been badly shattered by a shot, and for a long time he could neither swing his axe nor follow the plough.

When Oregon became a State, Lane, as a matter of course, was sent back to the Federal capital as Senator, and right here, it seems to me, began that misunderstanding that followed him to the end and induced the writing of this sketch.

Lane found, after long years of absence, the Southern element dominant as before. He found it more than

dominant ; he found it domineering, insolent. But he kept with the South, not for policy, but for peace.

Southern Senators, Southern ladies, flattered, petted and praised this man from the far Oregon, called him "the Marion of the Mexican War," than which nothing could now be more distasteful, for his soul had grown to despise all that, and they insisted in placing this peaceful and peace-loving Oregon farmer at the head of affairs.

It is to be frankly admitted, however, he gradually, and finally, gracefully yielded to this policy. And at last, when he was named as the possible Democratic nominee for President, I regret that he laid aside his grandeur like a garment, and went down into the arena a gladiator.

But his was no brutal fight or unfair one. I invite attention to this fact, and if any man in this republic can put his finger on an unclean spot of this man's Senatorial robes from the day he put them on till his defeat as the regular Democratic nominee for Vice-President, and his final retirement, let it be done now.

It would open the flood-gates of contention too widely to more than refer to Lane's position on the great issue of his time. I can only insist that it was for peace, peace, all the time peace, and yet all the time the belligerent South kept posing him for a hero of war—this man, who all the time offered peace and love and amity for all, who all the time wanted to get back to his plough and his pine woods of Oregon. My letters from him at this time breathe but this one thought. He wanted to get back, get out of it all, and sit under the oaks and read Plutarch and Marcus Aurelius. This was the ambition, the desire of General Joseph Lane at the time he was a candidate for Vice-President of the United States, being deified by one party, and debased by the other.

I am compelled to speak of myself somewhat now, to show my connection with this great man, and how I came to know and love him well—better than any other man now living, outside of his family, perhaps.

I may almost say literally, this man taught me to read. He certainly taught me to like to read the books above named, along with perhaps a dozen well-thumbed old masters, which he knew so well that if a single word was misread as we lay under the oaks—I reading, he lying on his back and looking up at the birds—he would correct me. I know there is a vague impression that General Lane was an ignorant man. Well, I am not learned enough to be good authority, but I have mixed with many educated men since, and I am bound to say, so far as I can judge, he was the best-read man I have ever yet known. His letters are the most perfect in all respects I have ever received. He wrote in the old-fashioned, full, round style, every letter like print, not even a comma missing in letters of the greatest length. Using the simplest Saxon, he always said much in little—a duty of every writer of everything.

General Lane, having been defeated, retiring from politics, returned to Oregon, and, while crossing the Calipooia mountains on his way home, was accidentally shot through the breast. He reached home, however, and lay nearly a year on his back. The roar of war filled the ears of the world at the time, and bigger events overshadowed him and his troubles. But he did not care greatly for himself at any time. His letters of this period are full of pity for the North and for the South; large and human pity, such as you find in Plutarch or Virgil when they speak of another age than their own.

I visited him when again on his feet, and I recall with pleasure the fact that the now old man was full of strength

and content. On the day he was sixty-five he and his son, since a member of Congress, went out shooting, and I saw the old Senator bring in a seven-pronged buck on his shoulders.

Ten years later, on my return from Europe, I called to see him. "He lives three miles east and four miles perpendicular now," said one of his sons, pointing up the mountains. Poverty had driven him from his ranch in the valley.

I found this old man now approaching eighty years, felling a tree in front of his little log cabin. He came forward, axe in hand, to meet me, his aged wife shading her eyes with a lifted hand as she looked from the cabin-door, wondering what stranger could possibly have climbed the mountain to their humble hermitage.

And what a talk we had; how he wanted to know all about Europe, a world he had never seen, but which he knew so well. How interested he was in my work, patting me on the head and calling me his own boy, believing in me entirely, bidding me to go with God's blessing; to be good, to be great if I could, but be good always.

And here on this mountain-top, with the companion of his bosom for more than fifty years, the sun of this old Roman senator's life went down. Nothing was said of him at his death, for no one knew him in his life. I lay this handful of leaves on my dear dead. It is all I have to give; I, a robin, bring leaves for one who was lost in the woods, one who lay down alone and unknown and died in the wilderness of this life. He lived frugally and died poor, while others lived extravagantly and grew rich. Not a dollar of this nation's money ever found its way to this simple and sincere man's pocket. He died not in want, for his children are well to do, but poor; very poor: and very pure; as he had lived.

II.

TOM HOOD.

London, Nov. 21, 1874. Yesterday I came back to London, after nearly two years' wandering in the Old, Old World, up the Nile, and in and about the tombs of buried empires and forgotten kings. And all this must be written up. . . . I cannot finish a line. I sit here alone, my work in heaps before me. I have sat here all day, and have done nothing.

Tom Hood is dead. He was my first, my firmest friend in London—nay, in all Europe. I came back yesterday and missed my warmest welcome.

I called at his little sanctum before even driving to my hotel. I rushed in, as I always did before, expecting to find him there, to take him by his great black beard, to bully him, to call him fellow-citizen—this British subject, this great, good man, always so kind to me; but I found the chair empty. I looked over my shoulder at a boy who had followed me; he said:

"Mr. Hood is dying, sir. He is at his home in Peckham Rye. They say he will not live till to-morrow."

Over London Bridge I drove, and on through the dull gray fog as fast as the man would drive me; and all the time I kept saying somehow to myself:

> "One more unfortunate,
> Weary of breath."

And yet the lines had no suggestion of this man's life or death. Perhaps it was the great river under me, wrapped in fog, and flowing, scarcely visible, dark and death-like, as I passed, that kept them in my mind.

On, on through London, five, six, seven miles, and we

touched the high-tide mark of the great city. Here the new structures, the new streets, progress, had struck the old order of things—old frame houses, old crazy inns—and knocked them about and tossed them out of place, as if a great sea had rolled in, and, pushing wreck and cast-away high up on the strand, had left them tumbled there.

A little cottage, that looked like a farmer's home in the West, an humble and simple home indeed, looking out over the open field where the soldiers sometimes drill and men play all the time at merry games when they come, weary of town, out to this green edge of it; and there lay Hood, dying indeed.

All day, all the year, whenever I had thought of London, I had been seeing his good-natured face, hearing his hearty welcome back to town. I had not even dreamed I should not find him in his office, as before.

These things change a man's thoughts. He feels no more of much importance. Ambition passes on. He sees but little use in working any more. He feels that there is no good in it all—no good except the little good he may do to others.

His only sister, a great, strong woman, plain, almost ugly from watching and weeping, met me at the door, silent almost as a stone, and all the time tears kept welling up and breaking over and running down and dropping from her face on to her clasped hands. I never saw such sorrow. I wish she had not been so silent. I wish I could forget her.

* * * * * *

What a dark and foggy day it was yesterday. The mist and the dark seemed to have life. I saw it move along the streets as I returned to London. I saw it curl like smoke about London Bridge and creep like winged gray beasts in the air about the towers of Westminster.

Just four years ago this month, a day like this, I first met Hood. How lonesome I was! How discouraged! Three months I had been in this great town, sick, worn, alone. I knew not a soul.

"Oh! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Friend I had none."

Passing wearily down the Strand, I saw the sign of *Punch* one day, and entered.

"Is the editor in?"

"Will you send your card?"

How my heart beat again. How I did hope he was not in, and how glad I was when that boy came back with his laconic "Not in, sir," yet delivered in such a way that I knew perfectly well he was in, but wouldn't see you.

I went on. A group of people stood on the sidewalk looking at the comic pictures in a window. It was the *Fun* office. I pushed my way boldly through the crowd, and entered.

"Is the editor in?"

"What name, sir?"

"No name; he would not know me. Tell him a man from America wishes to see him."

"Come this way, sir. Mr. Hood will see you."

As we went on through the shelves of books and papers, I wondered if this Hood was any relative of the great, the greatest, the saddest, brightest, best humorist that has ever been. It was his only son. Now that he is dead and leaves no children, the name is no more. . . . What in the world made this man so kind to me I never could make out. But from that day till his death he stood to me like a tower. The tall, manly fellow, the handsomest man in London, cut down yesterday just on the edge of forty! It seems to me now I shall never

want to work any more, for I shall miss his praise all the time, whatever I may do. From the first I took him everything. What a patient man he was! I do not now see, overworked as he was all the time, how he managed to put up with all of my stupid plans and demands.

I took my first fruits to him. On his shelves are three books from the last three years, and in them all, when I gave them to him, I wrote: "To my first and best friend in London."

He took me home with him. But for him I should have been very ill that day, when I first met him.

I now begin to find out, however, that this strong, handsome fellow, half lion, half lamb, was as kind to hundreds, to all alike, as he was to me. Artemus Ward died, one might almost say, in his arms.

"Don't tell my mother, Tom. Don't let them write it to her. Keep it from her a year or two, and then she will not know it till she sees me on the other side—for she is very old." And these Tom Hood told me were the last words of Artemus Ward, whispered in his ear as he lay dying in his arms at Southampton.

The very first evening I spent with Hood he brought out a great big basket and emptied it on the table. This was his father's scrap-basket, and contained all the papers, manuscripts, and drawings that his son had got together and kept. Of course, I wanted to see the "Bridge of Sighs;" but there was not one line of it preserved. There are a few lines, however, that were meant for this poem—perhaps they are the very first the great good poet conceived when this poem was in his heart. And here they are, just as I copied them that evening:

"Cover her, cover her,
Throw the sod over her,
Hide her from God."

And then, after that and farther down on the sheet, is a comic picture. Then, still farther down, this:

"Hello! Who comes there?"

Was it some one knocked? Perhaps it was a man with a dun, and the poor man knew his step.

I sometimes wonder if the world—the well-fed, fat, fashionable world—when it reads with intense pleasure certain poems, ever reflects that the man possibly wrote them without his dinner.

What curious pictures and drawings we came upon—such things as only could amuse little children, and they were all patched up and fastened together here and there with wafers.

Then the son told me that during the last few years of his father's life he could not sleep for pain, and so sat up and made these pictures for himself and sister; and when they would wake in the morning they would find these things pinned and pasted all about the wall.

Tom Hood is dead. I sit alone before my task, and I shall not go on with it for many days; for what is the use? London is not the London it was.

Here lies a letter from those who watched with him to the last. It says he spoke so often of me, and said I would write a verse to his memory.

No, I cannot begin it. And what if I did? What is the use? It seems to me to-day that there is no use in doing anything, except to do good to others.

"Death is in the world."

Pardon this rambling sketch. I know that it tells but little of the story of his life or the good that was in his heart. Yet why should it? The first is known to the world, the latter is known to God. And that is enough.

Put this handful of crumpled flowers on his grave—

leaf, and thorn, and blossom—gathered to-day loosely and sadly as I went back in memory alone over the path we walked a time together. I have not heart to arrange them better now.

Tom Hood was a toiler for his bread, a hard worker. He needed rest, and I know he has it. He was poor, not destitute; but, like myself, he belonged to the great majority—was born poor, lived poor, and died poor.

Something is surely wrong. A man may edit a journal, or write a thing that makes a million people happy, and yet be left to go hungry; while a man may fight a battle that makes a thousand people miserable, and for that get wealth and honors without end.

* * * * * *

How blank and worthless all this reads as I turn back and run it over. It is half about myself. But I have noticed that in any great grief or any great joy our little selves become the little centre and we can see no farther. We stand alone in the little present. We stand on "The Bridge of Sighs," that reaches from the bright land of the past to the unbridged to-morrow, and see none of the beings that tide, and toil, and battle, and bleed, and die about us. Good, gentle, genial friend, farewell!

III.

"MINNIE MYRTLE."

Died in New York, May, 1883.

She seemed to see wreck and storm and separation for us on the ocean of life long before it came, and even while we were newly married, very hopeful, young, and strong and happy. And so twenty years ago, while we were living in San Francisco, with this singular and sad notion in her head, she one evening half playfully said that, whatever came to us, if I died first she would write me well before the world and let none do my memory wrong. And she exacted the same promise of me. And from that time, so far from forgetting the foolish covenant, she reminded me of it often after. She reminded me of it in this city, New York, only a few days before her death. In the fulfilment of this promise I now undertake this most delicate and most difficult task. For it is on my conscience that the occasion is opportune, and that I cannot well conclude this volume without trying, after a year's delay, to keep this covenant and solemn promise of twenty years ago. It was while I was riding Mossman & Miller's pony express from Walla Walla to Millersburg, in the mines of Idaho, in the summer of 1861, that I first was attracted by her writings in the newspapers. I wrote her, and had replies. Then, when I came down from the mountains and embarked in journalism, she wrote to me, and her letters grew ardent and full of affection. Then I mounted my horse and rode hundreds of miles through the valleys and over the mountains, till I came to the sea, at Port

Orford, then a flourishing mining town, and there first saw "Minnie Myrtle."

Tall, dark, and striking in every respect, this first Saxon woman I had ever addressed had it all her own way at once. She knew nothing at all of my life, except that I was an expressman and country editor. I knew nothing at all of hers, but I found her with her kind, good parents, surrounded by brothers and sisters, and the pet and spoiled child of the mining and lumber camp. In her woody little world there by the sea she was literally worshipped by the rough miners and lumbermen, and the heart of the bright and merry girl was brimming full of romance, hope, and happiness. I arrived on Thursday. On Sunday next we were married! Oh, to what else but ruin and regret could such romantic folly lead? Procuring a horse for her, we set out at once to return to my post, far away over the mountains. These mountains were then, as now, and ever will be I reckon, crossed only by a dim, broken trail, with houses twenty and thirty miles apart for the few travellers.

The first day out, toward evening, we came upon a great band of elk. I drew a revolver, and with wild delight we dashed among the frightened beasts, and following them quite a distance we lost our way. And so we had to spend our first night together, tired, hungry, thirsty, sitting under the pines on a hillside, holding on to our impatient horses. We reached my home all right, however, at length, after a week's ride, but only to find that my paper had been suppressed by the Government, and we resolved to seek our fortunes in San Francisco. But we found neither fortune nor friends in the great new city, and so, returning to Oregon, I bought a band of cattle, and we set out with our baby

and a party of friends and relatives to reach the new mining camp, Canyon City, in Eastern Oregon.

And what a journey was this of ours over the Oregon Sierras, driving the bellowing cattle in the narrow trail through the dense woods, up the steep, snowy mountains, down through the roaring cañons! It was wild, glorious, fresh, full of hazard and adventure! Minnie had made a willow basket and swung it to her saddle-horn, with the crowing and good-natured baby inside, looking up at her, laughing, as she leaped her horse over the fallen logs or made a full hand with whip and lasso, riding after the cattle. But when we descended the wooded mountains to the open plain on the eastern side of the Sierras the Indians were ready to receive us, and we almost literally had to fight our way for the next week's journey, every day and night. And this woman was one of the bravest souls that ever saw battle. I think she never, even in the hour of death, knew what fear was. She was not only a wonderful horsewoman, but very adroit in the use of arms. She was a much better shot, indeed, than myself. In our first little skirmish on this occasion I had taken position on a hill with a few men, while the cattle and pack animals were corraled by the others in a bight in the foothills below to prevent a stampede. And thus intrenched we waited the attack from the Indians, who held the farther point of the ridge on which I had stationed my men. Suddenly Minnie, baby in arms, stood at my side and began to calmly discuss the situation, and to pass merry remarks about the queer noises the bullets made as they flattened on the rocks about us and glanced over our heads. I finally got her to go down, or, rather, promise to go down to camp, for the better safety of the baby. But in a moment she was back. She had hidden the laughing little

baby in the rocks, and now, gun in hand, kept at my side till the brush was over and the Indians beaten off.

Here is one leaf from her journal, or rather, I think, her recollections of the journey, which she left me along with her other papers when she died:

One night of that journey I shall not soon forget. There had been some fighting ahead of us and we knew the foe was lurking in ambush. They made a kind of fort of the freight, and while we lay down in the cañon, baby and I, away up on the high, sharp butte, Joaquin stood sentinel. And I say this to-night in his behalf and in his praise, that he did bravely, and saved his loved ones from peril that night. That he stood on that dreary summit, a target for the foe, and no one but me to take note of his valor—stood till the morning shone radiant, stood till the night was passed. There was no world looking on to praise his courage and echo it over the land; only the frozen stars in mystic groups far away, and the slender moon, like a sword drawn to hold him at bay.

Reaching the mines in safety, I practised law, mined, fought Indians, and indeed was the busiest of men in trying all means to get on. I planted the first orchard in all that land, pushed ahead as hard as I could, and tried to be practical and steady and thoughtful. Yet I was still but a lad in years. I forgot to mention that I was meantime elected Judge of the county and had begun to write the "Songs of the Sierras." My life was a sober and severe one. For without learning, I was trying to administer the law; without knowing how to read, I was trying to write a book. I was walking a new road of life now. All was strange. What availed my knowledge of woodcraft in the courts of law? The mystery of making fire by the friction of two sticks of wood, the secret of finding water in the desert by the

flight of a bird, the cunning of foretelling the force of the coming winter or the depth of the snow, all these and the like were of no use now.

If the shrewd and sharp lawyers who bullied and defeated me had come into my elements I had beaten them. But I had chosen to enter theirs and must be equal to the undertaking. And so it was I worked and studied as never man worked and studied before. Often I never left my office till the gray dawn, after a day of toil and a night of study. My health gave way and I was indeed old and thoughtful. Well, all this, you can see, did not suit the merry-hearted and spoiled child of the mines at all. Then she was not so ambitious as I was; and she had not such a strange, wild life behind to haunt her. She became the spoiled child here that she had been at her father's, and naturally grew impatient at my persistent toil and study. But she was good all the time; good and honest and true in all things and in all ways; understand that distinctly. And let me say here, once for all, that no man or woman can put a finger on any stain in this woman's whole record of life, so far as truth and purity go. But she was not happy here. Impatient of the dull monotony of the exhausted mining camp, and longing for the sea and the old home that almost overhung the sounding waters, she took her two children and returned to her mother, while I sold the little home we had built and kept together, the new orchard and the lanes of roses we had planted together, and remained there in the camp, promising to follow her, yet full of ambition now to be elected to a place on the Supreme Bench of the State, and I worked on to that end ceaselessly.

She had been absent from me quite a year, when the convention was called, and I went to Portland, seeking

the nomination for the place I desired. But the poor, impatient lady, impulsive always, and angry that I should have kept so long away, had forwarded papers from her home, hundreds of miles remote, to a lawyer here, praying for a divorce. This so put me to shame that I abandoned my plans and resolved to hide my head in Europe. In my rage and disappointment I arranged with her lawyer to give her a pretence of that which she professed to desire. Yet I knew quite well that this was only a romantic and foolish freak that meant nothing; that she did this only in order to get me to come to her, and that she did not dream she could be divorced unless I came to her when the action was brought. Nor could she, in fact. But a court was in session, and her lawyer, who looked to me only for his fee, entered the case, and then wrote to her and published it to the world that she was divorced, while I was sailing away for other lands.

And it was perhaps quite ten years before she came to me here in New York.

* * * * * *

Passing unmentioned the trials of all those terrible years, we come to the closing chapter of this romantic life. I followed the woman she sent to me one stormy night in silence till we came at last to a little back room in the top of a house, with a bed in the centre and a doubtful fire struggling in the grate. The woman turned away and left us in the room together. The place was almost dark. She did not give me her hand, but stood before me with one hand holding on the bedpost, a long time silent.

"I have come back to you at last," she said after a while.

"You have come to drive me from America again."

"I have come to you to die!" she said. And as she

turned so that the light was on her face I saw that it was so. And then we sat down and had a long talk. It was our last long and serious talk. I was not very kind. I am sorry now, but the bitterness of the ten years past was still in my heart, and I could not forget. She wanted most of all to see her little girl, whom I had taken from her and placed in the convent school in Canada three years before, and it seemed to break her heart when I refused to send for her to come. By and by, however, when I promised her that she should surely see her before long, she became reconciled. She talked with calm unconcern about her coming death, reminded me of my promise, and told me she had brought me all her papers; some that we had written together before I had learned to spell. There was a valor, a sweetness, too, and a dignity, a large charity in all she said and did now in the twilight of life that won all hearts to her entirely. The valor of her youth she kept till the grave closed over her, and she never complained of anything or of any one, but was patient, resigned, and perfectly fearless and tranquil to the end. But the end was not so near after all. When I went back to see her one day she had gone, and had left no word where she could be found. Then I began to fear and doubt her promise that she would not molest me; the winter wore away, and April came. Again they came to tell me, from her, that she was dying, and I must keep my promise. And so I arranged for her child to come, and I went every day to assure her that she was coming, and to take her some flowers and whatever kind messages and encouragement I could.

Wearily the days went by till away on in May, the month in which she was born. Then the child came, and the good people, the gentle, loving people who kept with her and cared for and loved and pitied her in these

last days, said it was like religion to see them together, and that the dying woman in her last days was very happy. And so Minnie Myrtle died last May, here in New York. When I went up to look on her dead face—a strange fancy of hers—she had set about the foot of the bed, where she could see them, all the flowers I had sent her, the withered ones and all. There was quite half a trunk full of papers which she had brought and intrusted to me, some of them suggesting wonderful things, great thoughts and good and new; for much that she wrote—and may be this is not great praise—was better than any writing of mine. But she lacked care and toil and sustained thought. I bought a little bit of ground in Evergreens Cemetery, and there the hand that writes this laid the poor, tired lady to rest, forgiving, and begging God to be forgiven.

IV.

HULINGS MILLER.

Died in Oregon, March, 1873.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

I ALWAYS liked the ancient Roman custom, where the son said some last farewell words of love and sympathy over his dead; and I ask you to let me say a few words in memory of my father, who died last year, on his little farm in Oregon. For who are nearer to me than

those to whom I have given my best thought, the best years of my life? Who can better sympathize with me or will bear with me better than those who have been with me so long and borne with me in the battle of this life through all these pages?

My father's father lies in a forgotten grave at old Fort Meigs, Ohio, where he fell, under Harrison, in the war of 1812; and my father was born about that time, in Cincinnati, where he received a good education for that day, and where he afterward became a merchant. But his singularly shy and sensitive nature quite unfitted him for commercial intercourse with his fellows, and, giving this up, he retired to the little village or settlement called Liberty, Union County, Indiana, and began life in the wilderness as a school-teacher. Here he married. My mother's name was Witt. But my quiet, Quaker-like father did not seem destined to prosper in this world's ways, anywhere or in anything at all, and, after vibrating between Cincinnati and the little village on the Ohio and Indiana line for three or four years, during which I and my two brothers were born, he set out, with his wife and three infant children, to push his way still farther into the wilderness.

He settled in a dense forest, in what was then called the Miami Reserve, near the Mississinewa River, Marion, Grant County, Indiana. Here, alone, and with his own hands, quite unused then to such toil, he, with the help of my mother, built a little log cabin and cleared off a little patch of ground. The first recollection of my life is that of waking up suddenly one night, and, looking out of the little open window at the burning brush-heaps, where my parents, side by side, were still toiling away, while the world rested. And from that time forth I search my memory in vain for one day of rest from hard

manual toil for these two patient and uncomplaining people, outside of the Sabbath, which, of course, was always kept sacred. How snowy white was that cabin floor, hewn out of the forest by my father's hand ; how clean and bright the blazing hearth ; how cheery the few flowers that struggled up out of the strange wild soil about this lonely little cabin-door !

But the fever and ague fell almost continually upon us all, and we did not get on. My poor parents gradually became discouraged, and a gloom and sadness settled down upon them forever ; but I never heard one word of impatience or complaint. Never was one unkind word spoken in that little cabin. I never knew that there was such a thing as tobacco, or whiskey, or oaths, or cross words until years afterward, when we fell in with the great caravans crossing the plains ; but I can see now that my parents were sadly, hopelessly discouraged. They never spoke of the past or their people at all ; and as I grew older, seeing tears in their eyes as I one day asked them about these things, I never asked them any more, and to this day I do not even know the Christian name of my father's father or my mother's.

As the country slowly settled up about us my father again taught school ; but his three little boys he kept quite exclusive and all to himself. Sometimes, it is true, we were allowed to go with him to school, along the path through the thick wood ; but it was a long walk and we did not go often. He taught us to read by our cabin fire, and he read to us all the spare time he had. He never allowed us to mix with other children, and, indeed, I think we did not care for other company than ourselves. He put us to work as soon as we were able, to pick brush or pull weeds, and we never knew what it was to play. For my own part, I know I never

had a top, or marble, or toy of any kind in my life, and never knew any of the games familiar to children.

My mother spun and wove our scant clothing out of the flax which she grew in a corner of the little clearing, and I remember it seemed to me the grandest day of my life when the shoemaker came late one fall to measure me for my first pair of shoes.

But all this time my poor father seemed to grow more sad, silent, and thoughtful each year. By and by there was talk of the land coming into market, and, as we had no money yet to pay for it, he went out to work by the day at a mill which was being built over on the river, three miles away. It was a lonesome time through the woods, and my father would have to set out before daylight and return from his work after dark. A day's work then meant the whole day. One night, as he neared home, the wolves chased him, and he had to take shelter in a tree. Mother heard his cries for help, and she took a hickory-bark torch and went out and frightened away the wolves and brought him safely to the cabin. His wages were fifty cents a day, a small sum; but he counted it a great favor to get the job, for it enabled him finally to secure one hundred acres of land. And oh! how happy he was to have this his first home for his little family!

They made him justice of the peace. The people were always making him justice of the peace as long as he lived; but he never would allow any trouble to come to a trial. I know he sometimes spent half the night, after his day's toil, running about among the neighbors, settling up misunderstandings which they wanted to settle by law.

The first year we planted corn on the new, wild land, so full of stumps and snags and trees, so rank with net-

tles and thistles and all the thousand nameless weeds. The squirrels seemed to come by thousands. They sat down in siege around that little field, as if determined to take up the last grain. My father had encouraged these little squirrels about the place. He liked to see them, to hear them chatter in the boughs above and rustle through the leaves. They broke the awful monotony and solitude, and gave his sad and patient soul companionship ; but now it seemed as if they would be his ruin. He borrowed a gun, and one sultry spring afternoon he took the gun on his shoulder, and, taking me with him to carry the game, we set out to go around the field and destroy the squirrels ; but, as we went on around the field, he did not try to shoot them. Back of field we sat down in the dense woods, and there he began to threaten them with the gun. "Bunny ! Bunny ! don't you go in there ! If you do I will shoot you dead !" And he would raise the gun and, with great show of anger, frighten them away. And so the sun went down while my father was trying to get courage to break the hush and sweet tranquillity of the scene by shooting one of his little companions of the wilderness.

Mother met us at the door, and, handing her the gun, he said, timidly and half-regretfully : "No, no, Margaret, I can't shoot them, and I won't try to do it any more." Nor did he ever again take a gun in his hand. My father never fired a gun in his life. I know it is hard to understand how a man can live the best half of a century in the wilderness, among wild beasts and wilder men, and never have use for arms or ever get angry. But such was my father, and it is this sweet nature of his that makes his memory so dear, and speaks more for him than all that tongue or pen can ever say. And yet my father was the most entirely brave man I ever knew.

I know of no other man in the history of the West who ever set out, unarmed and almost alone, with his little family, to cross the Plains. I remember some Indians came into camp one Sunday while we were at prayers. They did not speak, but soon passed on. We were never disturbed the whole weary seven months' journey. But many men who were armed and constantly on the alert were killed.

But I am anticipating, and ought to tell here what became of the little bit of land so hardly won in the Indian Reserve, in Indiana. Hardly had it been well paid for and a good foothold established, when a clock peddler, with his son, came along with a wagon-load of clocks. This sort of incipient Jim Fisk professed to fall ill, and, being so very eager to get rid of his clocks and return to Boston, persuaded my sympathetic and simple-hearted father to give him a mortgage and take the load of clocks. And so it was the little home was lost and we set out for Oregon; but, being still poor, we had to stop a year or two in other places before venturing across the Missouri, and work for teams and supplies.

When we reached and settled in Oregon the Government gave father and mother each one hundred and sixty acres of land, as it did all settlers at that time, and here we again built a cabin, and planted flowers and fruit trees in the door-yard. But the terrible journey, the peril, the care of three little children—all this had been too much for mother. Her mind gave way at intervals now, and father's life was the saddest, loneliest in the world.

It was a pleasant spot we found—a high, long, grassy ridge, running down from the great dark wooded Sierras in the rear through the rich, level Camas Valley. And here my father lived and toiled for more than thirty years. I think he never, in all that time, went a hun-

dred miles away from his home. He had had travel enough crossing the Plains; and then he was at work all the time—working with his hands, ploughing, planting —making beautiful the new world about him. He grew a little forest of fir and pine and locust on the bare, grassy ridge; and the grouse and pheasants and quails came down out of the dark Sierras and made their homes there. And they ate his fruit and berries—the old story of the squirrels. But the most ungrateful of all the creatures that he encouraged to come and live around him was the eagle. One spring my father and brothers kept missing the lambs. The Indians were set on the watch for wolves. My brother scoured the country with dogs. Still the lambs grew fewer in number each day. One morning my father heard a loud bleating in the air. Looking up, he saw one of his long cherished and greatly admired eagles sweeping away toward the Sierras with a crying lamb in his claws.

It would seem that any one ought to have grown rich here in these early days. Many did; and, indeed, my father oftentimes was far from poor; but when he had anything ahead worth plotting for, the old story of the Yankee with the clocks, in some form or another, would be repeated, and my gentle father's sympathies would again run away with him and his money, so hardly earned. And then poor, dear mother!

When secretly setting out for London, to publish a book, I went to pay my poor parents a visit at the little farm on the Ridge. I found my father ploughing in the field, and he seemed to be in great trouble. Finally he stopped the team, and as we sat down on the plough to rest he told me that he had been helping somebody, and had, unknown to us all, got a debt of near a thousand dollars on his shoulders, which he could not pay

without giving a mortgage. Well, I figured over the probable cost of my trip, and found that, by taking second and third class tickets, I could make the journey and save the thousand dollars. And so there, sitting on the plough, the sweet-smelling ploughed ground under our feet, and his great, proud eagles circling overhead toward the dark summits of the Sierras, we solved the great little financial trouble, and I got his tears of gratitude in ten thousand times compensation. But soon he was again trying to help somebody, and this time there fell a mortgage on his bit of land. How glad I was, in less than a year, to send back to him such a story of glory and success through the newspapers as to make him believe that we should never again need a dollar. And he was permitted to go to his grave in the full belief of the innocent fiction that one of his family, at least, had escaped from the thraldom of poverty in the wilderness and had fame and fortune for his own. And for this I am thankful. It cheered him and lighted the last days of this gentlest being I ever knew, with true and unselfish pleasure.

My friends, this is all. Pardon this rambling sketch; but I am not equal to any eulogium. And then, somehow, I think he would not like it. You can see, by what I have already said, what kind of a man he was—good to others, all the time good to others; so unselfish, so hard working; a very humble man, it is true, and working in humblest ways. But God manages that, I think. Let me conclude with a few lines from my Oregon brother's letter. "His work is over. The poor, tired hands that labored so long and faithfully are now crossed to rest forever. The weary feet, that wandered so far to find a home, wander no more now. Peace! peace! peace!"

Shall the dead live again? My friends, I cannot prove to you that the dead will rise again. I cannot prove to you that the sun will rise again. But I surely believe it will. And I as surely believe the dead will rise again. Oh, why should man perish utterly? Blow a little thistle-seed far away, a little thing no bigger than a pin's point; let it fall on the dark earth, even though it be in the farthest corner of the world, yet it will in the spring-time come forth a lovely flower, perfect in its kind. And man is surely as much to God as a little thistle-down.

V.

JOHN BROWN—JOSEPH DE BLONEY.

Harper's Ferry, December 8, 1883. The face of nature is frowning here forever. Dark and wrinkled, rugged and unfriendly to look upon, there is an atmosphere of hostility about this place, of savagery, of sullen defiance and impatience, that makes one willing to hasten away. Sabre-cuts in the face of the land; a fierce scowl on the face of the earth; a sullen roar in the rivers as they run angrily together; a sullen silence on the few people; dilapidation over the town—a tired, deserted, nightmare town, as if it would like to wake up and throw off some indefinable terrors; and this is Harper's Ferry, where was, in fact, fired the first gun of the greatest, the saddest, the best and the worst war that ever was.

I do not get at the heart of the best people here. I have little time, little inclination too, perhaps. A scribe wandering about alone with his own meditations, no letters of introduction, a pad and pencil in his hand and a flannel shirt on his back, is not just the man for first-class men to open either their hearts or their doors to, I admit. And then, what could they tell me that has not been told a thousand times? Besides, what does this new generation know? As for the old, it perished in the war.

But those hills have not perished. They looked down on it all. Their stony lips are set in everlasting silence. And yet they tell me that John Brown came here, climbed their heights, looked down into these rivers, measured their waters, made a thousand calculations how to advance, how to retreat, where to fight, and then to die. I think the arsenal with its store of arms had not all to do with bringing John Brown here. There was comradeship in these glorious old hills. One likes to have such friends at his back and close about him in days of desperate enterprise.

"What! A pilgrimage to Harper's Ferry to write of old John Brown? Thought you were a Democrat; thought you had your paper in Oregon suppressed for treasonable utterances durin' the wah?" A good man, a friend, said this to me, and I answered: "My friend, whether it is my love for the poor man at election, the little horse in the horse-race, or the bottom dog in the dog-fight, I do not know. I do not care. I only know that I admired, pitied, and now revere John Brown. I am going to make a pilgrimage to Harper's Ferry now on the twenty-fourth anniversary of his execution.

"But this man John Brown was a murderer—murdered my people, sah."

"Yes, but he did not murder many men; not one hundredth part as many as Sherman or Sheridan. He did not desolate the defenceless Shenandoah or burn his way through the South. He did not say, 'I have made the Shenandoah Valley so desolate that even a crow would have to carry its rations if it attempted to fly over it.' It was the man now at the head of the nation's army who said that. And yet if you were asked to dine with that man to-morrow, the chances are you would not only break bread with him, but even pocket the bill of fare as a trophy. I prefer the dead lion to the living—but why finish the biblical paraphase?"

"Then you don't like Grant?"

"As a soldier, no. The most pitiful sight to me is that of a man, any man, strutting about this earth with an implement buckled to his side for the purpose of poking some unfortunate fellow to death. We are a pastoral people in these States; keepers of sheep are we, and tillers of the soil. But right here let me tell you, while speaking of tilling the soil, that the best, the bravest, the very noblest deed that now looms up and out of and over all the desolate days and deeds of that war was done by that man Grant; and quietly and modestly done, and done in defiance, too, of all the powers at Washington. And that immortal deed, the one splendid work of the war, was expressed in these words under the apple-tree at Appomattox: 'No, General Lee, I don't want your horses. Let your men take them home. They will need them to plough with.'"

Some old, indolent mules from the country round about; greasy old wagons; a good many old and very indolent negroes shivering in the frosty weather on the corners; corner groceries that have been whittled away by jack-knives—the only sign of industry I see about or

enterprise of any kind; a few seedy-looking horses hitched before the few stores; an old fortress on a winding hill where "Stonewall" Jackson pointed to the State flag of Virginia and said, "Wherever thou goest, there also will I go"—and that is Harper's Ferry as I find it, where John Brown bled, with his sons about him.

Out yonder in the middle of the river the water still plashes and leaps over and divides around the same great rock there where his black allies fell. Some ignorant, tobacco-eating idlers showed me a battered old establishment from which the old man, now sixty years old, pointed his gun and fought all night, his sons at his side, at his feet, dead, dying, fighting. Of course there is no sentiment about these men. You hear hard, and maybe not entirely undeserved, remarks from these ignorant and unsympathizing idlers.

Coming here on the anniversary of John Brown's execution—he was hung on the second of December, only a short walk away—I hoped to find something new to tell you. Not so.

But it is an impressive fact that, looking south from any other point of the Republic, this one man and his sons stand up forever before you—forever true, grand, reverend, resigned.

In the great dramas of the days to come this is the man who will walk the stage with the most majestic mien. It will not be the noisy-mouthed man of the capital; it will not be the contractor with his bloody millions; it will not be the general of the war with a million men at command, who will loom up largest and last. But it will be simple, honest, humble old John Brown, who died in pity for his helpless fellow-men.

It is a singular thing that this man, in one sense, ordered his tombstone before setting out for Harper's

Ferry. At least he had his father's tombstone brought from New York to the half-savage little farm which Gerrit Smith had given him. The inscription on this stone, reared to the father of John Brown of Harper's Ferry, reads as follows :

"In memory of Capt. John Brown, who died at New York, Sept. ye 3, 1776, in the 42d year of his age."

Beneath this is the old hero's epitaph, and it reads :

"John Brown, born May 9, 1800 ; was executed at Charlestown, Va., Dec. 2, 1859."

A CALIFORNIA JOHN BROWN IN A SMALL WAY.

Joseph De Bloney, whom I first met on the head of the Sacramento River in the spring of 1855, was of the old Swiss family of that name—famous, you know, for being the first to renounce their high rank of nobility and assume a simple republican name. This was a learned man. Even in the mountains there he had many books. But I think few people ever knew his worth. Certainly but few ever sympathized with him. I believe he had first crossed the plains with Fremont. He is probably entirely forgotten now. And the world never heard of his feeble efforts to help his fellows. His ambition was to unite the Indians about the base of Mount Shasta and establish a sort of Indian republic, the prime and principal object of which was to set these Indians entirely apart from the approach of the white man, draw an impassable line, in fact, behind which the Indian would be secure in his lands, his simple life, his integrity, and his purity. Some of the many tribes were friendly ; some were hostile. It was a hard undertaking at best, perilous, almost as much as a man's life was worth, to attempt to befriend an Indian in those stormy

days on the border, when every gold-hunter crowding the hills in quest of precious metals counted it his privilege, if not his duty, to shoot an Indian on sight. An Indian sympathizer was more hated in those days, is still, than ever was an Abolitionist. And it was against bitter odds that this little California John Brown, even long before John Brown's raid, tried to make a stand in behalf of a perishing race. He, too, failed. The plastic new land was in a chaotic state. More men than he were trying to fashion something solid and useful out of the Republic's new possessions. Walker was even trying to extend these possessions to Nicaragua. Fremont had hoisted the bear flag. It made him a prisoner. It ought to have made him President.

De Bloney gradually gathered about twenty-five men around him in the mountains, took up homes, situated his men around him, planted, dug gold, did what he could to civilize the people and subdue the savages.

Our neighbor, Captain Jack, in his lava-beds, was born of this man's endeavor. Of course his motives were misconstrued by the few who took any notice of him at all. Some suspected that we had found gold-mines of great wealth. Others, again, said we were stealing horses and hiding them away in the hearts of the mountains. And I concede that property disputes with some settlers gave some grounds for suspicion. Yet De Bloney was as honest as a sunset and as pure as the snowy mountains around us.

But he had tough elements to deal with. The most savage men were the white men. The Indians, the friendly ones, were the tamest of his people. These white men would come and go ; now they would marry the Indian women and now join a prospecting party and disappear for months, even years. At one time they

nearly all went off to join Walker in Nicaragua. Only two ever lived to return. I, too, wandered away from him more than once, but at last kept close and always with him. He taught me much, and was good. Once the unfriendly Indians burned his camp. He raised a company, followed and fought them. This was the battle of Castle Rocks. I was shot in the face and neck, and was nearly a year getting well. By this time there was a war on the other side of the mountain, and I was drawn into that also. This was the Pit River war. Here I got a bullet through the right arm, and was laid up for another long season.

By and by he had his plans matured, and had armed his Indians in defence against the brutal and aggressive white men. I was sent on one occasion to Shasta City for ammunition. I had made similar raids before. My horse was shot on the return. I was dreadfully bruised by a fall, and the two Indians with me took me in turns behind them. Then we got, or rather captured, a fresh horse and kept on. But I was too badly hurt to go far, and they left me with some Indians by the road. Here I was captured by the pursuing white men. This was in 1859. I was in my seventeenth year, and small for my age. Of course, they had sworn to hang the renegade to the nearest tree. I was really not big enough to hang, and so they took me back to Shasta City, put me in jail, and my part in the wild attempt to found an Indian republic was rewarded with a prompt indictment for stealing horses. A long time I lay in that hot and horrible pen, more dead than alive.

God pity all prisoners, say I. Fortunately I could see and even smell some pine trees that stood on the hillside hard by. I know I should have died in those hot days, with the mercury up in the nineties, but for the friend-

ship, the fragrance, the sense of freedom in those proud old pine trees on the hillside. Meantime, as always happens, I was left alone. All the men passed away like water through a sieve, and only the Indians remembered me. On the night of the 4th of July, while the town was carousing, they broke open the jail, threw me again on to a horse, and such a ride for freedom and fresh air was never seen before.

Poor De Bloney lost all heart and gradually sank to continued drunkenness on the border and ultimate obscurity. As for myself, I tried to inherit his high plans and spirits, and made one more attempt, for I had formed ties not to be broken. But the last venture was still more disastrous. Volumes only could tell all the dreadful story that followed—the tragedy and the comedy, the folly and the wisdom. And yet now, after a quarter of a century, I still fail to see anything but good and honesty and integrity in these bold plans for the protection of the Indians—the Indians, to whose annihilation we, as a nation, have become quite reconciled. Ah! how noble in us to be so easily reconciled to the annihilation of another race than our own! I never saw De Bloney after this final failure. I would not be taken again prisoner, and so an officer in pursuit was shot from his horse. We separated in the Sierras, and sought separate ways in life I made my way to Washington Territory, sold my pistols, and settled down in an obscure settlement on the banks of the Columbia, near Lewis River, and taught school. And here it was that the story of John Brown, his raid, his fight, his capture, and his execution, all came to me. Do you wonder that my heart went out to him and remained with him? I, too, had been in jail. Death and disgrace were on my track, and might find me any day hiding away there

under the trees in the hearts of the happy children. And so, sympathizing, I told these children over and over again the story of old John Brown there. And they, every one, loved, and honored and pitied him.

And now you can better understand why I was so resolved to make a pilgrimage to Harper's Ferry on the anniversary of his execution. However, he does not need my sympathy, or any one's sympathy. I am here simply because it is my sad pleasure to be here at this time.

It was an odd sequel to our failure to establish our Utopian Republic about the base of Mount Shasta, with the great white cone for a centre, that I should finally meet these same men who had fought and had captured me in California up in the new gold-fields of Northern Oregon. And singularly enough, they were very kind. I had received too many wounds fighting for these same men on the border of California to be quite the "renegade" they counted me once. And when the Shoshonee Indians now attacked our camp at Canyon City, Oregon, these same men chose me their captain to lead them in battle. And how they did wish for poor De Bloney now! But he had been buried away up in the golden fields of Idaho. A three-months' campaign, and I was finally beaten, leaving many dead. But, as if still to convince me of their love and confidence, when we returned to Canyon City, they elected me judge of the country, and for the four years of my administration stood truly by me, as if to try to make me forget something of the sorrow and the shame of imprisonment. Yet for all that I was in some sense an old man from the time of our failure and flight. And how wretched the few remaining Indians there now! There are only now and then in all that splendid mountain region a few mis-

erable hovels of half-starved, dispirited beggars of the lowest sort to be met with. Captain Jack and his sixty brave rebels were the last of this race. But they made a red spot on the map which the army will long remember.

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL.

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years;
But to him who tries, and who fails and dies,
I give great honor and glory and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears
To all who fail in their deeds sublime;
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
They were born with Time in advance of Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and yet still fights on,
Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine.

THE END.

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